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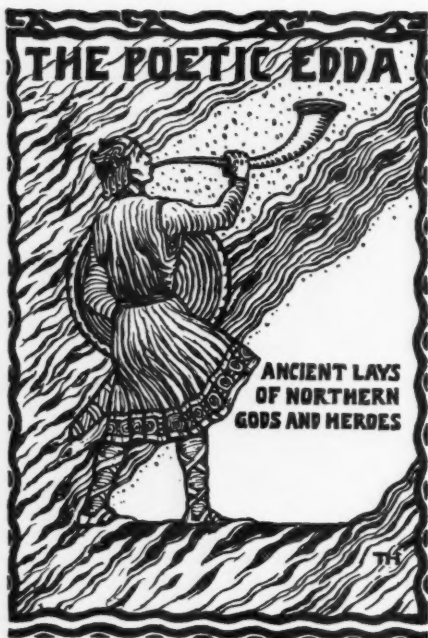
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*"Wise art thou, guest!  
To my bench shalt thou go,  
In our seats let us speak together;  
Here in the hall our heads, O guest,  
Shall we wager our wisdom upon."*

—From THE POETIC EDDA

## THE POETIC EDDA

ANCIENT LAYS OF NORTHERN GODS AND HEROES  
TRANSLATED BY HENRY A. BELLOWES

*"It is in many ways the greatest literary monument preserved to us  
out of the antiquity of the kindred races which we call Germanic"*

THE mythological poems include, in the VOLUSPO, one of the vastest conceptions of the creation and ultimate destruction of the world ever crystallized in literary form; in the HOVAMOL, a collection of wise counsels that can bear comparison with most of the Biblical Book of Proverbs; in the LOKASENNA, a comedy none the less full of vivid characterization because its humor is often broad; and in the THRYMSKVITHA one of the finest ballads in the world. The hero poems give us, in the oldest and most vivid extant form, the story of SIGURTH, BRYNHILD, and ATLI, the Norse parallel to the *Nibelungenlied*.

Of the thirty-five Eddic poems, the full text of what is known as The Elder or Poetic Edda, it is likely that the greater part antedate the year 1000; of the poems belonging to the hero cycles, one or two appear to be as late as 1100, but most of them clearly belong to the hundred years following 950.

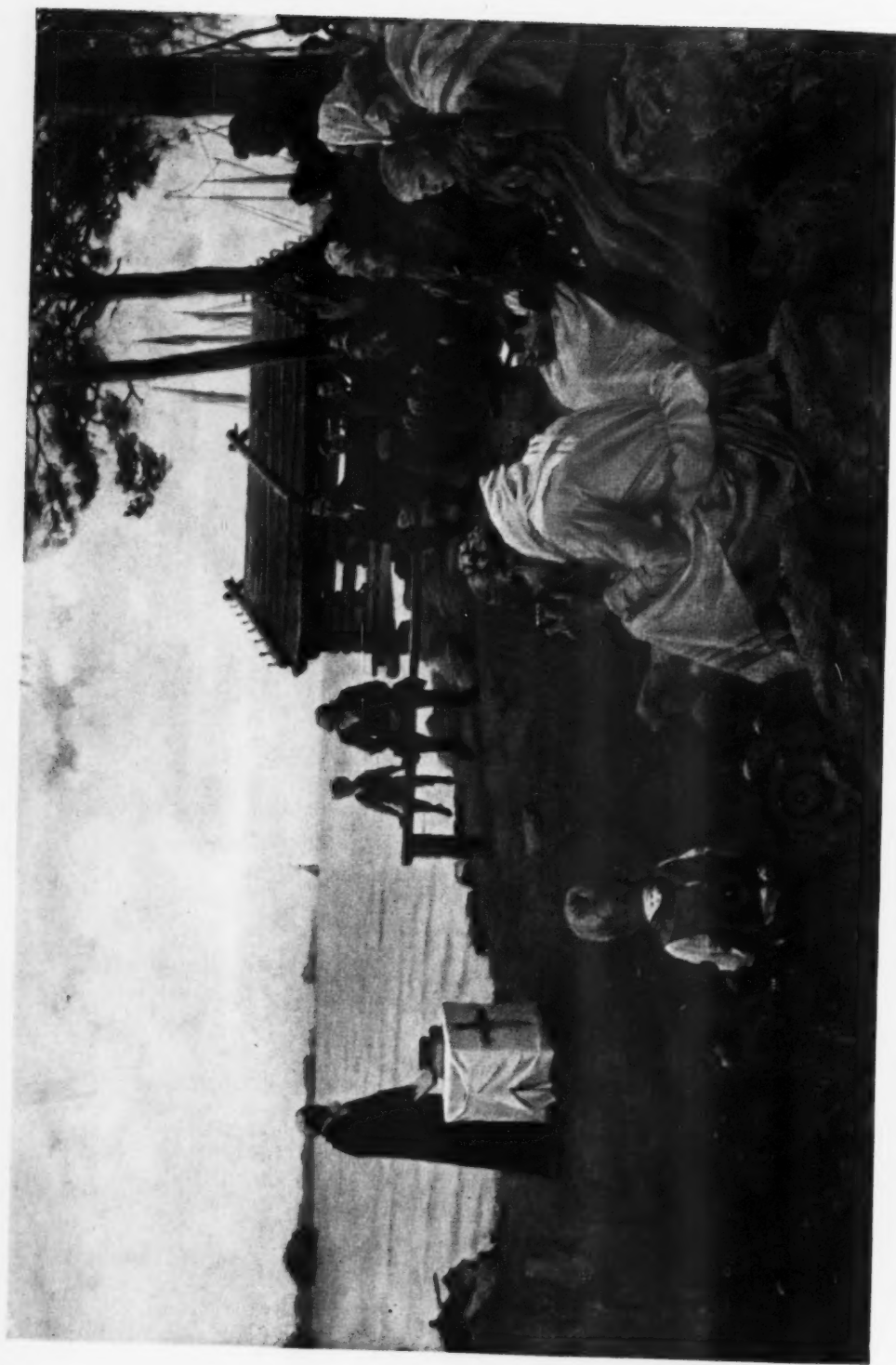
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*From a Painting by Albert Edelfelt*

# DIVINE SERVICE ON THE BEACH



# THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

VOLUME XI

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NUMBER 12

## My First Christmas Church

*By* NATHAN SÖDERBLOM

**H**ÄLSINGLAND owns two landscapes of big, imposing lines. One is the valley of the Ljusnan with its tributary Voxnan. In its never-resting course the river becomes a symbol of the wide-awake, thrifty, industrious people that dwell along its shores, while for the timber which is one of their chief resources the stream is "a way that itself wanders." The other great picture is made by the basin of the Dellar lakes, a world in itself, which remained secluded longer than the region of the Ljusnan, and in its dreamy, somnolent atmosphere has set its stamp on the minds of those who live there. Below them both lies the jagged, restless coast with its skerries. Homes are grouped around the lakes and inlets; many a lonely house lies deep in the forest, and often a height with a widening view lends itself to cultivation.

My first home nestled in one of these remote recesses. It would be hard to find one more beautiful. Atop the steep hill stood the parsonage, two stories high. On Christmas Eve one scarcely dared to fall asleep—not as usual because of fear of what might be lurking in the dark corners of the large nursery; childish fancies were too pre-occupied with the beauty of the Christmas tree and the gifts to find time for such fears. On the contrary, one wanted to stay awake in order to see when the first candles were lighted in the granite church below, or when the flames shot up in the waiting-room adjoining, where members of the congregation who had come from far away warmed themselves after their long journey and made coffee to drink.

My mother was gentle and mild. She liked to ponder over matters quietly and thoroughly. She never fully recovered from an illness following the birth of my youngest sister, and during the last years of her life she was constantly confined to her room. But while we lived in Trönö she still retained her youthful strength. One moonlight night she coasted in mad haste down the hill to meet my father who

was coming from town; she was accompanied by Tadda, who steered the sled. The next day my second brother was born. Little wonder, then, that he had a restless desire to travel to remote places of the world later in life!

When mother's soft, white hands played some composition which portrayed a "madman's last musical fancy" (as the title indicated) or sang about the farmer and the fox, we found it expedient to crawl under the piano. That enhanced the mystery of the occasion. But when she played and father and she sang from Ahnfelt's songs or Zion's songs, we sat in dignity on our chairs.

Her calm, clear thinking made her an excellent teacher. I have had many instructors in my life but none better than she. What I learned from her I never forgot, however lightly I may have taken my other studies. As a consequence, I still remember to-day, for instance, the names of the four Balearic islands. My father's instruction was more eager than methodical. His anxiety lest I might not learn Latin began when I was five years old and harvested for me a large mass of an unassimilated Latin vocabulary.

Every evening my sister, younger by a year, and I stood at father's knee and read our prayers. This sister was my trusted comrade and friend. One by one the younger members of the family left mother's lap, as their turn came, and joined us. The prayer line began at the right with "I thank Thee, our kind heavenly Father," which was difficult and read by me. Then it turned upward, as I followed it in my imagination, to "Our Father," spoken by my sister. Then a turn to the left, again up, a sharp swerving to the right with small diverse prayers for counsel and help, ending with the benediction. By this time the line was high up to the right and continued its course through the stanza beginning

*"An angel wanders round our house,  
He carries shining candles three."*

In my mind's eye I could see his careful course as he walked slowly in order that the lights would not flicker or be extinguished. Just why those lines made a special appeal to my youthful heart, I do not know.

Our hillside wound up in a dizzying course. It passed the big countryside house, enclosed, with its many secrets and with its leaded, many-colored glass panes opening out on the square yard. Next to us lived the grandchildren of the architect of the church. They were older than we, and we envied them their ability to steer the toboggan down the hill; carried along by its own momentum, it traversed the whole churchyard and slid down the second hill to the very roadside.

When father rode horseback on Pearl down the steep incline, his route always seemed perilous. It was equally difficult for small, short legs to make the ascent. Once when Tadda, who nursed us all, found

herself at the foot of the hill, worn out after a day's harvesting, and began to complain, I am supposed to have won over her patient heart with the words, "When I am grown up, I shall carry Tadda," a promise which I indeed made no effort to keep! Tadda was Karin Gisseldotter, and last year she ended her days well past ninety. She had cared for every one of us and she was the noblest member of our family.

The old church was surrounded by a stone wall, with two entrance portals, of which the men used the larger and the women the other. Its bell tower represents a transition from an older form of architecture, the stave structure, to a classic type. Below the church was the incline, with a beautiful view all around. Just how beautiful all this was, my youthful fancy did not comprehend. Inside, it was crowded to the door. From the topmost gallery the half-grown boys would lean over to see what was going on beneath them. Luckily there was so much to attract both ear and eye, that they managed to avoid looking at the fearful painting to the right of the choir window—the painting of the dragon with open jaws and human bodies falling into them.

As a regular pulpit hymn, father late in life was wont to choose the well-known,

*"Did we in our own strength confide  
Our striving would be losing."*

But in the early years in Trönö, he used instead, "*Oh, Lord Jesus, hear my voice.*" As a child, little did I suspect the tumult and unrest of his heart as it was reflected by his choice. Still earlier, in a period of great stress, he had picked, "*Send Thy light to my dark soul.*" An old resident of Trönö said to me a few years ago, "When your father turned from the law to the gospel, he changed his hymn." The next most vivid memory I enjoy is the warmth of the sunshine outside the church when the congregation poured forth and all greeted each other kindly.

The whole view of Trönö then resembled a church. The winding river and the road became the middle aisle. Along the sides the villages in their woody sites were the benches. The terrace of the higher hills in the background was the altar; it stretched toward the east, as it should. Toward Sterte, Tannesen, and Storsjön rose the galleries in two levels, and from the forests in the western part it was not hard to imagine that one could hear a soft organ music, more impressive than the sounds coming from the untuned, homemade instrument in the cage in the church. To carry the resemblance still further, when the sexton picked up the tune from his bench near the altar, he became like the owls whose cries could be heard in the hillsides between Fly and Daglysa.

Since then I have celebrated Christmas in many churches and

preached on Christmas morning thirty-eight times. Christmastide carries our thoughts back to old memories. Bright and happy eyes of little children are the best adornment of the season. Christmas stirs the child soul within all of us. "And verily I say unto you, except ye become converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

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## The Boy Who Heard the Silence Speak

By ZAKARIAS TOPELIUS

Translated by VELMA SWANSTON HOWARD

THERE WAS ONCE a little boy named Paavo who could not hear and was unable to speak. He wanted, oh! so very much the two wonderful gifts that nearly all children have—of hearing and speech.

He saw how the others moved their lips, and knew that by that means they were able to understand each other, while he could only communicate by signs. His father understood him fairly well; his brother and sister understood him better; and his mother best of all. But the village children, who did not know his sign language, laughed at him and mocked his motions.

The worst of the lot was long, lanky Penttu! He made open fun of Paavo. When the little fellow came out in the lane to see the boys spin top, Penttu would bleat "ba'a, ba'a," as though Paavo were a goat. Now, the youngsters thought that very funny—all except a little girl whose name was Lisu. She was sorry for Paavo and would take him home to her house, and comfort him with a nice bowl of clotted milk, plentifully sprinkled with sugar, so that he shouldn't cry.

Paavo's mother had told him, in the sign language, about God; how good and kind He was to all His creatures, especially to little afflicted children. So the boy understood that God could do everything, and always helped those who earnestly prayed to Him for something. But he had also observed that when any one performed a service for his father or mother, he expected to be paid for it.

"Now if I had something to pay God with," thought Paavo, "I'd ask Him to teach me to hear and speak."

The boy, though six years old, had never been to church. What should he do there—he who could not hear the music or the sermon? But on Christmas morning, when his father brought out the horse and sledge and his brother and sister were going with their parents to



Christmas Matins, the mother thought it a pity for little Paavo to be left at home all by himself, so she asked him if he wouldn't like to come along.

Yes, indeed, Paavo wanted to share in a pleasure so delightful as sleighing to church on a Christmas Morn. His brother and sister had each received a tenpenny piece to drop in the collection bag, and of course Paavo also received his tenpenny, though his mother forgot to tell him what it was for.

It was a big, heavy coin, much bigger than the onepenny or five-penny piece drivers sometimes gave him when he opened the gate for them. To Paavo that tenpenny seemed a lot of money. Never in his life had he felt so rich. Now he had something to pay God!

All the way to the church he thought out what he would say to God. "Dear God, I should like very much to hear and speak like other people, and since you know everything, and want to help all who pray to you, please help little Paavo so that he may hear the service. You shall be paid for it, dear God, you shall have ten pennies."

"God must surely live in the church," thought Paavo; "but how shall I be able to talk to Him, with all the people there? And will He understand when I make signs with my hands?" The boy was perturbed; he would have liked to ask his mother about this, only it was too dark for her to read his hands.

He sat pondering, and watched his father drive. Vallacka was a fleet-footed horse whose jingling bells sounded over hill and dale. It was about three miles to the church, but Vallacka covered them with lightning speed. Snow-clad birches and pines appeared to be running toward Paavo and—wonder of wonders!—the moon, which usually sauntered so lazily across the heavens, ran too.

When they arrived at the church the knoll was covered with horses and sledges; and when the church doors opened such a flood of light streamed out, it was as if Heaven itself had opened! The frosty breath of the people rose in a cloud like an incense-offering to our Lord.

The main aisle was crowded and, in the press, Paavo was separated from his family and carried—he knew not whither. Soon he found himself standing before the altar, with its white cloth, its burning candles, and its beautiful painting of our Saviour on the Cross. Inside the altar rail stood the pastor in his white gold-embroidered surplice. Simple little Paavo, thinking the pastor was God Himself, went up and laid his tenpenny on the railing. Whereupon he said, in his hand-language, what it was he so much wished of God. The pastor, who was intoning the service, did not see the little boy. But the mother from her pew, glancing about for her son, descried him, and went quietly forward and led him back to her seat.

Paavo, sitting now beside his mother, looked at the lights; at the pastor; at the people, and up at the high, vaulted dome, with its lovely

frescoes; but being unable to hear anything, he soon went to sleep on the bench.

Then a wonderful thing happened. God sent an angel to Paavo. And the angel spoke to him. Now, angels do not speak to little children in words but in thoughts. So remember, children, that when a good thought comes to the heart, it is an angel speaking.

The angel called: "Paavo!"

"Here I am," Paavo answered.

"God has heard your prayer," said the angel, "and you shall hear the silence speak. But know that God cannot be paid with money; He is so rich He owns the whole world. Now when Matins are over, you must go get the coin you left at the altar and give it to the poor old woman down by the door. For, if you would render to God some slight return for His great kindness to you, you must be kind to every living thing. It is true, though, that he who from the goodness of his heart gives a penny to the poor lends it to the Lord.

When Paavo awoke service was over, and the people were leaving the church. The boy, remembering the angel's words, asked his mother if he might go up to the altar again. She, thinking that he wanted to see the beautiful altar piece, let him go. But Paavo only went and took back his coin, which he gave to the poor old woman, as the angel had bidden him.

The drive home was a mad race. People still clung to the old superstition that the one who was first to reach home after church on Christmas Morning would grow the tallest flax on his field the coming summer. Many whipped their horses unmercifully, to make them go faster. Suddenly Paavo heard the horses say, "Why do you whip us? We are running as fast as we can."

It seemed strange to the boy that he could hear and understand the language of the horse; but there were even greater surprises in store for him! It was now nearly eight o'clock, though still night-dark. The air was frosty, and the stars glittered in the heavens. As Paavo went skimming over the ice above the silent waters he heard the most entrancing music ever heard on Earth since the First Christmas Morn, when the shepherds listened to the angels sing at Bethlehem. At first he wondered what it could be, for he had never heard any music. Then, all at once, he knew—It was the morning stars praising God!

The air was full of song. It came from Heaven, and the earth responded. The snow-clad mountain, the frozen lake, the trees of the forest, the squirrel in the pine, the titmouse in the hedge, ay! even the ice itself, over which the sledge glided as upon a roof of glass, all exclaimed: "Let us sing with them our sweetest song of praise!"

All this Paavo heard, but did he understand? No, for he was hungry now, and thought of the Christmas buns that sent out such a savory odor when they were baking in the oven the day before, and



wondered if he would get a generous helping of roast for his Christmas dinner.

When they got home his mother fried what was left over from yesterday's porridge for their breakfast. And now Paavo heard the porridge say to the wooden spoon, "Don't eat me all up; leave a bit for father!" This amused him greatly, and he understood it better than the song of the morning stars. He laughed so hard the porridge shook in the spoon, and nearly slid off, as he signed to his mother, "The porridge says to leave some for father."

"That was sensible of the porridge," the mother replied; "for father is also hungry."

Paavo was about to help himself to a heaping spoonful of the last in the dish, when he suddenly heard a clear voice, that seemed to come from his own heart, say: "Father was up very early this morning and drove you to church and back; how dare you touch his poor porridge!"

Blushing with shame, he put the spoon back in the dish. It came over him like a flash that he had almost done something wrong; but what had stopped him, he could not imagine.

By and by, as Paavo grew more accustomed to hearing the voices, he heard the plough say to the stone in the field, "Clear out of the way, so that my ground may be fruitful." The water under the ice beat its head against the solid roof, and moaned, "It is so cold in the lake!" The osier-bush said to the mist, "Why do you hide the sun so that I can't send out my floss?" The fence said to the pine at its side, "Lend me a prop, don't you see that I'm falling?" The well said to the bucket, "The next time you knock me in the side, you'll not come up again!" The blue anemone said to Paavo's foot, "Be kind enough not to trample me to death." The cranberry said to Paavo's hand, "You may pluck me; I'm not so sour when taken with a little sugar." And the cap said to Paavo's head, "If you throw me in the brook I'll run away."

When summer came Paavo heard the grass in the meadow say, "Now I can grow with a vengeance!" And the whole wide country—Paavo's country—our country—said to the sun in the sky, "Dear Sun, say your evening prayers as you go to rest, and ask God to let you shine warmly to-morrow so that my precious children may have beautiful green fields and good harvests."

Paavo had now become so used to all this it no longer seemed strange to him. But what did astonish him was hearing the voice inside him speak. When he wanted to do something naughty, the voice said, "That is wrong." And when he was obedient and helpful, it said, "That is right." But the worst of it was that whenever he felt tempted to tell a lie, the voice would start crying, and when others were kind to him, and he was ungrateful, it sobbed and moaned. That was simply unbearable! So Paavo just had to be truthful and grateful, and treat every one kindly; otherwise he would never have had any peace; for

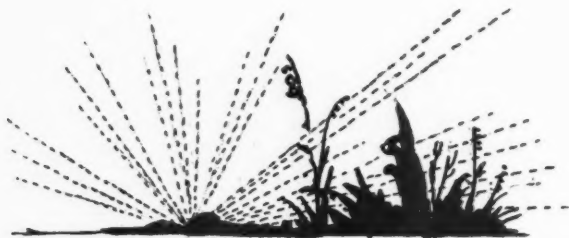
that everlasting voice kept warning, reproving or approving him—whatever he did.

He wondered if others had also such a voice within, and guessed in a way that they had. His mother's and father's though were evidently too well hidden under their thick homespun clothes for Paavo to catch even the faintest sound. But once, when long, lanky Penttu dropped a cat down the well and stood bending over the water to see it drown, then suddenly fell in himself, and would have drowned had not Paavo—though with great difficulty—worked the winch, and let down the heavy well-bucket, thus rescuing both the boy and the cat. That time he heard Penttu's inner voice say, "Do you remember how you used to make fun of that poor deafmute? and now he has saved your life!"

Paavo had grown to be a big, fine lad. And now God so ordered it that the pastor, when he came round that year to examine the children in catechism, met poor, ignorant Paavo, who did not even know his letters. As there had been recently founded in the city a school for just such children, the pastor sent him to that school.

There the boy learned to read and write and acquired, besides, a handicraft. He was studious, orderly, and clever with his tools, so that before very long he was a skilled craftsman. No one in all the parish made such fine chairs and tables as Paavo made. When he had set up his own workshop he wondered if Lisu would have a man like him for a husband. And Lisu did not say no. So they married, and were very happy together. Everybody loved Paavo because he was kind and true. He knew whom he had to thank for this, and praised God for that silent voice in the heart of mankind.

If you marvel that Paavo, though deaf-and-dumb, could hear the voices of the forest, the lake, the stars, and other silent things, surely you children must know that that is not unusual. Such things are heard by most of you. When you play with dolls or with stones on the mountain, and the pine-cones are your cows and the sticks your company, they talk to you, and you to them. As if the birch-tree did not speak on a spring evening and the whortleberry on the hillside shout "Good Morning" to you! There is nothing strange about that.



## Glimpses of Prehistoric Denmark

*By* VILHELM LA COUR

**W**HEN THE GLACIER had for the last time let go its grip of northern Europe and the ice had retreated to the extreme north of the Scandinavian peninsula, the Danish lowlands lay like a weather-hardened bridge connecting central Sweden with Germany. The ice-sea stretched in a broad sound from the Kattegat to the Gulf of Bothnia, passing east of Finland to the White Sea. The western part of the Baltic was then a succession of smaller or larger freshwater lakes, and people could without difficulty wander from central Europe into Denmark where the Belts had not as yet separated the islands from Jutland.

Most probably the first immigrants came at this time—about 12,000 B. C.—as hunters of reindeer wandering about in search of the wherewithal to support life, and living under the same hard conditions as their remote ancestors in southern Europe when glaciation was at its height. Only a few traces of them are left to us—some pick-axes made of the antlers of reindeer or perhaps a flint arrowhead or two; that is all.

But in the course of the succeeding millenaries the climate grew milder. Hazel, birch, and alder found congenial soil; the fir formed immense forests; and the reindeer migrated to the north, giving up the country to successors more partial to heat, such as the elk, the beaver, the aurochs, and thousands of partly or wholly aquatic birds. We now meet with evidence of large hordes of people settled on the shores of lakes in the interior, or wandering along the river banks on their way through the forests. Three of the most important settlements from this time—about 5000 B. C.—were found in Sjælland, in the Mullerup, Sværdborg, and Holmegaard bogs, and they all show us the same picture: prehistoric man in Denmark encamped on a headland or small islet in a lake during the warm summer months, making up a fire, constructing a wicker hut, hunting and fishing, making rude implements fashioned crudely out of bone or stone, in short, living the life we know of from contemporaneous finds in northern Germany and central Europe.

Long ages pass. The land begins to sink. The extreme north of Jutland is split up into numerous islands. The Belts cut their way through the land, Sjælland and Fünen approximate to their present shape. The air has now grown milder; the fir has retreated giving way to oak and elm. In the forests the elk and aurochs have become extinct, while red deer and roe have trodden new paths, and the bear, the boar, and the wolf have made themselves at home. Now the wandering tribes make their way to the coasts where oysters, mussels, and fish provide food when game or berries fail. It is at this time—about

3500-2500 B. C.—that the famous “kitchen-middens” originate. They are found by the hundreds along the old coast-lines where, in the stone age, the sea sent glittering fjords into the land, and names like Ertebölle, Havelse, and Mejlgaard are known wherever stone age civilization has been made the subject of study. For these prehistoric refuse-heaps furnished archeologists with the first observations from which, with infinite patience, they subsequently built up an entire science.

Manners and customs cannot have been very different from those of the previous period on the continent. The shape of the implements had changed; bone was no longer used for the larger tools such as axes, and the art of making simple vessels of burnt clay had been acquired. But these changes, so valuable to archeologists as a means of fixing dates, do not tell us much about the life of the people. They only throw light on a very small part of their customs, and it is doubtful whether we can ever attain to a fuller knowledge. This much is certain, however, that even while the kitchen-middens were being heaped up along the coasts, the tribes still had to trust to their good luck and to accidental circumstances to furnish them with food. Hunger still forced them to track game and collect everything that was edible near the heaps. Their only domesticated animal was the dog, which was only valuable as an aid in hunting—it could track the quarry, show the hunter the way, and keep the game at bay until the flint arrow or stone axe settled the business. In point of civilization the “earliest” and “earlier” stone ages were not distinguished by any essential difference.

The great change took place when, during the transition to the later stone age, man made himself independent of nature, and primitive forms of agriculture and cattle-rearing became known to him. Compared with all later advances, this was by far the greatest. There is no more significant period in human history than that in which the nomad turns peasant, and in Denmark that change must have occurred in the period from 2500 to 2000 B. C.

The new art came to the Dane from western Europe. We can follow the beginnings of agriculture from the Mediterranean countries through France to England. The chief characteristic attendant on its progress is that the old settlement bursts its bounds, and the population is spread over a wider area. Huge stone tombs show that the nomad had settled down to a fixed dwelling-place passing down from generation to generation, and that the community had split up into classes. The new way of supporting life involved a division of labor which had not been known before, and instead of an existence adapted to and dominated by the needs of the moment, we get the germ of a firm tribal organization with consequent political and social innovations.

Thus, too, in Denmark. Thousands of cairns and dolmens testify to the fact that the peasant had now made his entry into Danish history for the first time. The nearest prototypes of the tombs are to be found





DOLMEN AT FLINTINGE, SJÆLLAND

in the British Isles. Indeed, the relationship is so close that archeologists reckon with a direct connection across the sea already at this period, and other circumstances point the same way.

In the latter half of the third millenary B. C. foreign tribes were lured to the Danish coasts by their wealth of amber. The first places where the art of agriculture had become known, and where tombs were built up out of the giant stone blocks found among the hills, seem to have been in the regions round the Limfjord. From here we can follow the new culture stream on its further advance. In Thy and Vendsyssel, Salling and Himmerland we still find numerous monuments, and the large tombs continue along the entire east coast of the peninsula to its junction with north Germany at Lübeck. Across Fünen and the smaller isles the cairn and sepulchral chamber made their way to Sjælland and Skaane; but this took place comparatively early—there seems to be no essential chronological difference between the oldest monuments in Jutland and those of Sjælland. This style of tomb then spread to Sweden as far as the big lakes, and in Germany to the Oder in the east, Hanover in the south, and the Weser in the west. Outside these bounds, we have only scattered tombs of a degenerate type, no doubt of comparatively late date.

Sjælland became the chief centre of the cairns. In no other place do we find a similar number of splendid monuments—magnificent tombs with edgestones as tall as a man and firmly-built chambers under huge capstones, or chambered barrows having room for more than a



INTERIOR OF A SEPULCHRAL CHAMBER, FROM A DRAWING BY J. T. LUNDBYE, 1840

hundred bodies and in which the bodies were at last placed in the low passage leading to the chamber. For these are family graves, or perhaps tribal graves, we do not know. So much is certain, they were for chiefs or people of high rank; the common folk were not interred in these stone chambers which it required the hard labor of many hands to erect.

Outside these evidences we know very little about the life of that time. In the later layers of the kitchen-middens we find traces that ground and polished tools were coming into use. Besides the numerous worked flint implements belonging to an earlier period we meet with a few "obtuse-butted" axes of greenstone, and from the time between the earlier and later stone ages we have a series of "sharp-butted" and "thin-butted" ground flint axes from scattered finds. This type passes over into the "thick-butted" axe of the time of the cairns and the numerous beautiful forms of the implements of the latest stone age. Technically a considerable advance had thus been made, and because the later stone age was of comparatively long duration in Denmark, a skill unequalled elsewhere was attained, both in the grinding and fashioning of the implements. The fine axes contained in the Danish National Museum, or the flint daggers copied from classical models in metal during the transition to the bronze age, are unequalled in the whole of this period in Europe. Nobler or more beautiful workmanship cannot be attained. It has in reality overcome the limitations of



the material, and vies in dignified craftsmanship with the dawning metal technique and even surpasses the latter in striking surface effect.

Even if the influence from the west was decisive during the transition from the earlier to the later stone age, impulses from the south have not been wanting.

We find evidence hereof in the overwhelming number of "one-man tombs" that fill western Jutland to the Limfiord and central Jutland to north of Viborg. In these the body was interred in a wooden coffin placed on a foundation of small stones and protected along the sides by larger stones, the whole covered by a low mound. Such graves are also found along the lower course of the Elbe and in Holland, and it has been conjectured that these "one-man tombs" are the work of a foreign people that invaded the peninsula shortly after the building of cairns became common. There is, however, no distinct line of demarcation between the two civilizations. Groups of cairns are found scattered in the west, and "one-man tombs" may be shown both north of the Limfiord and on the islands, and even in Skaane. In some respects the civilization represented by the "one-man tomb" became predominant, and everything points to the fact that cairns and sepulchral chambers entered into their final and chief stage of development in eastern Denmark where they were almost the sole type of tomb until the beginning of the bronze age.

Whatever may be the mutual relationship of these two elements, so much is certain, that thanks to them, we are able to form a true picture of the distribution of dwelling-places throughout Denmark in the second millenary B. C. In spite of the razing of countless mounds and cairns, a sufficient number has been preserved for us to see, when we locate them on the map, where the earliest village communities arose. We may form an idea of the position of the village in relation to the ground and the soil, of the influence of rivers, moors, and forests on the choice of a dwelling-place, of the difference in value of coast-land and inland to the expanding community. In Jutland we meet with long lines of barrows leading from one part to another, indicating the first traffic-ways of the country. These ancient lines of communication formed, as it were, the nerve system of the communities. They furnish us with knowledge more important than any that may be derived from even the finest implements. We see the forming of the soil whence the Danish people sprung. From these countless small dwelling-places, from the foundation of this patiently made network of roads and little clusters of houses, a nation grew forth. Not suddenly or unintelligibly, but slowly and inevitably, as every living organism must.

In the matter of building, the transition from the stone age to the bronze age marks no change. The development steadily continues. Some parts may be vacated by their population, hitherto unexplored

tracts may be discovered, while here and there the shores may seem to exercise a greater attraction than before; but on the whole things continue on the old lines. The settlements expand. They unite into larger settlements extending for miles, and the old roads still form the network of nerves by which the entire population of the whole settled area communicate with one another.

Hence there is nothing to indicate an immigration of fresh elements. Nor do the burial customs point that way. In numerous cases the old barrows from the stone age have been utilized, having only been added to to make room for the new inhabitant. In the earlier bronze age stone cists may sometimes be used as they were at the close of the stone age. Or the bodies may be buried in heavy wooden coffins made out of the scooped-out trunk of an oak, and thanks to this custom, men's and women's costumes from that time have been preserved to us. They are of earlier date than any other clothing discovered in Europe. Though encased in a coffin for about 3000 years, costumes, skins, hair, bark-boxes, etc., are in a remarkable state of preservation. We cannot but admire the hair nets of the women and the beautiful patterns of their woven belts.

Another thing which excites our admiration is the perfection to which the art of metal work had been brought in this age. The metal was imported from abroad, no doubt it was as a rule bartered for amber from the west coast. Once the art had been acquired, it speedily assumed its own distinctive character, and though we can easily perceive the influence of classic models in shape and ornamentation, we are rarely left in doubt as to the place of origin of each piece. The sobriety and restraint that mark the best objects of the earlier bronze age are still features of the national character. The ornaments of the women, the weapons of the men, with their finely worked spirals; the hollow-cast sacred axes; the beautiful trumpets (*Lurer*) exquisite in shape and workmanship; the sword hilts overlaid with gold; the magnificent gold sacrificial ladles; all fill us with similar pleasure to that which must have animated the artist who made them.

Archeologists divide the bronze age into a series of periods, the productions of which vary in style and workmanship. They speak about the "great bronze age," the "fine bronze age," and the "period of degeneration." True it is that, within this early period, we find both a classic severity and a grotesqueness of style represented, which we meet with again in much later ages. The burial customs changed, too. In the later bronze age it became customary to burn the bodies, and the ashes with a scant grave-outfit were strewn in a small cist or put into a cinerary urn which was often placed in one of the ancient barrows. A change in the ideas about life and death seems to be at the bottom of this new custom.

But if a new faith struck root, the solid foundation of communal



SPECIMENS FROM THE BRONZE AGE

The picture of the Sun Wagon above, found at Trundholm, Sjælland, shows the religious ideas of the people in the Bronze Age. The disc representing the sun was overlaid with gold, but willfully damaged, as the custom was with votive offerings. To the left is a collection from the earlier bronze age, a belt ornament, a knife, and two spiral rings. The articles to the right are from the later bronze age, two vessels to hang up, four celts, a fluted ornament, and some plain rings.

life was not shaken. Farming remained the chief occupation. The staples in the stone age were barley, wheat, and millet; to these the bronze age added oats. In the narrow patches of tilled field the earth was torn up by heavy ploughs, the corn was reaped with sickles. In the stone age the domesticated animals had been pigs and smaller cattle, to these was now added the horse. The knowledge of all these animals came from the west like the knowledge of the cereals. Further, there was hunting and fishing, ancient livelihoods that were not given up, and it must be taken for granted that the peasants inhabiting the sea-coasts carried on a brisk trade across the sea. Ships have not, indeed, been actually found, but we have numerous pictures of them carved on monuments and utensils, and we know that Danes ploughed the high seas during the whole of the later stone age. Well-nigh every one of the ground flint axes found in Norway was originally imported from Denmark.

This life produced material wealth. Gold accumulated among the chiefs, and their power increased. At the same time the people grew in number, and the tribes in the ancient village communities expanded into what were called *thioth* in the Scandinavian languages, i. e., national units, rendering possible the transformation of the old communities of blood-relationship into the new territorial communities. A stretch of coast-land, a fiord or the like, afforded the economic basis that was the condition of such a transformation. Throughout Denmark we can still show in which locality rose each *thioth* which later ages gave a name. Our maps of the sites of barrows reveal it. We become acquainted with the bases, ports, and chief districts of the *thioth* countries; we can trace their boundaries and show the uninhabited parts that separated people from people and which could only boast a single road. When the Romans mention Cimbri, Charudes, and Eutii, these are the names of *thioth* that may have borne these names for generations. At any rate we find them flourishing as early as the latter part of the bronze age, about 400 B. C.

It is just possible, however, that the *names* themselves may be of a later date. Some scholars think that with the arrival of iron a new people entered the country who did not, indeed, drive out the original inhabitants, but who subdued them and forced them to adopt another language, the parent-language of present-day Danish. These people are then supposed to have named all the more prominent places, so that even the oldest place-names contain no elements of the bronze age language. Other scholars have disputed this theory, and have tried to unearth names that may even be conjectured to originate from the late stone age. The question is still an open one; by archeology, however, it will hardly be possible to show that any immigration took place in the transition period between the bronze and iron ages.

All the first part of the iron age, the "pre-Roman" period, lasting



to the birth of Christ, shows marked Keltic influence. The different types of weapons and implements are the same as we know from Hallstatt in Salzkammergut or from the somewhat later La-Tène find at Neuchâtel. It would be impossible to draw a map of the graves from the iron age. Very often the remains from the funeral pyre were simply laid in a small depression of the ground without any visible sign to mark their place. In Bornholm, more especially, such "fire spots" are common. In other places a small mound was made, but in most cases so low that all traces of it were concealed until digging or deep ploughing opened it up. Sometimes extensive cemeteries are discovered, thus at Aarre, in the district of Ribe, where there must originally have been close on a thousand such small mounds.

But all in all, the boundaries of the old *thioth* countries were respected. The uninhabited zones in between must have been empty in this period, too, as well as in the succeeding "Roman" period of the iron age, lasting to about 400 A. D.



THE SACRED BULL OF THE HIMBRIANS,  
FROM THE BOTTOM PLATE OF THE  
GUNDESTRUP VESSEL.

This was the time when the mighty empire in the south, having extended its power by conquests of Gothic and Keltic territory in the east and west, began to make its influence felt in the north. A new restlessness enters into existence, life moves at a quicker pace. New burial customs crop up and disappear again, or they are merged in earlier ones and create hitherto unknown forms. Trade intercourse develops, Scandinavian goods are bartered for Roman articles: kitchen utensils showing trade marks, glass ware with representations of gladiatorial combats or animal fights,

bronze statuettes of Roman gods that stir the imagination. It is the time of new departures in nearly all provinces.

The Himbrians (or Cimbri of the Romans) from Himmerland in North Jutland, and the Harudes (Roman: Charudes) from Harsyssel in Sjælland, were the first to seek adventure abroad and met their fate at the hands of the Roman legions. This was in the earliest period of the iron age, about 100 B. C., and Roman history records the savage barbarity that characterized their fighting and their sanguinary religious rites. Curiously enough, a sacrificial vessel, such as the Roman author describes, has been found at Gundestrup, the ancient home of the Cimbri, a huge silver bowl decorated with semi-Keltic gods, and having a representation of the sacred bull on the bottom plate. An-



SILVER VESSEL FROM GUNDESTRUP, HIMMERLAND, JUTLAND



A SIDE PLATE FROM THE INTERIOR OF THE GUNDESTRUP VESSEL, REPRESENTING A HORNEDE DEITY WHICH SEEMS TO CORRESPOND TO THE GALLIC CERNUNNOS

other "pre-Roman" find, two splendid wagons from the old home of the Harudes, carries our thoughts back to the worship of the goddess Nerthus as described by Tacitus.

But the Romans were not content to listen to the strange tales about the remote peoples in the "Cimbrian peninsula." They came to Denmark themselves as traders and warriors. In the year 5 A. D. a fleet was sent round the Skaw by the Emperor Augustus, and its commander entered into negotiations with the Himbrians in their native land. A few years later a chief from Lolland must have been in communication with one of the Roman generals on the Rhine front, for in his grave at Hoby was found a Roman dinner set, and amongst other



things two magnificent chased silver goblets with figures illustrating Greek poetry.

Of course Roman influence did not leave traces of this kind only; spiritually the effect must have been no less considerable. Socially and politically the Danes, like other peoples of the Gothic race, must have learnt from the Romans, and with similar results. And thus the soil was prepared for the changes of the succeeding period. It is generally called the "migration period," but this term is misleading. For the migrations had begun already before the birth of Christ and, in the case of Denmark, they did not cease until the ebb tide of the Viking raids. And yet these centuries from 400 to 600 A. D. have in a certain sense their own peculiar character. It is the first classic period of "animal ornamentation." It is the time of the decline of the Roman spirit, the time *when the Danish state comes into existence*.

How this new state was evolved will perhaps never be elucidated in detail. To understand it we must study the development during the former centuries. Side by side with the increasing Roman influence there was a growth that drew its nourishment from native sources. In this remarkable period of conflicting forces, social and political ideas spread swiftly, and power crystallized into new forms. The ruling classes now appear in the guise of nobles with their own special rank (*thegns*) and in receipt of a special income from public sources. The peasant is hidden behind the warrior, and the warrior becomes a leader in his home district. He gathers his retainers round him, holds land in feoff and receives office from his overlord, then the *Thioth* kings take up arms and the border feuds blaze. These circumstances will perhaps furnish the explanation of the great bog-finds from that

period. After great battles thousands of weapons and implements were deposited in bogs as votive offerings. The plunder was simply laid on the ground. In time it was covered with vegetation and thus remained concealed until the present day.

This newly - formed bureaucratic state with its decidedly martial character formed the foundation on which the system of petty kingdoms — the usual form of government



THE FIGURE OF A DEITY FROM THE OUTSIDE OF THE GUNDESTRUP VESSEL

in the earlier iron age and perhaps in the later bronze age too—could grow into one larger kingdom. The most powerful of the old *thioth*, the Danes in Sjælland, must by force or law have united all the scattered tribes from the eastern boundary towards the Götalands to the land of the Saxons in the south. Himbrians and Harudes, Angles and Jutes, all were merged in the new unit, and as early as the year 500 the fusion must have been complete. Then we meet with the first Danish names: the Skjoldung kings Hrothgar and Hrothulf at Lejre near the head of Roskildefjord, that race of heroes whose names have survived through the ages in the legends and songs of the people.

And this then brings the prehistoric period of Denmark to a close. What characterizes historical times is not so much the fact that the events of each year are known and chronologically determined with accuracy. It is rather the circumstance that all the elements that go to make up the community lie exposed to our sight, so that we recognize ourselves in the picture that meets the eye. And this is the case here. The faith has changed, civilization has altered the character of land and people. But to this day the Danish people has its roots deep in the soil that 1,400 years ago witnessed the birth of a state which is the oldest of the bodies politic yet extant in the "old" world.



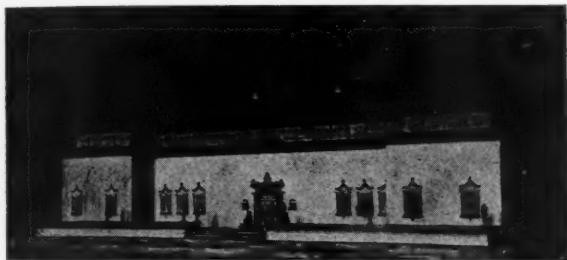
SILVER BEAKER FROM STOBY, LOLLAND

## A New Art Gallery in Bergen

By SVERRE BERNHARD

Ludvig Holberg once in a moment of weakness said of his native city that it was no place for learned folk; and the poet-clergyman, bishop of Bergen, Johan Nordahl Brun, coined an apt bit of characterization when he wrote the poem which, significantly enough, became

the "national song" of the city of the seven mountains: "*Her kjøber, her sælger, her handler hver mand.*" Nor have the Bergen people ever tried to deny the implication that they are a city of tradesmen.



THE RASMUS MEYER ART GALLERY

connected. In the wake of the trader have followed such names as Rembrandt, Rubens, and Michael Angelo. In the footprints of the merchant art and literature have flourished.

Bergen owes to one of its merchants, the flour dealer and Mæcenas Rasmus Meyer, the fact that the city now possesses the most important private art collection in Norway, surpassing even the famous Conrad Langaard collection which has been donated to the city of Christiania. During his lifetime Rasmus Meyer tried to find a suitable site where he could erect a dignified home for his collection with a view to making it the property of the city after his death. He did not succeed in finding a place that seemed to him satisfactory, but after his death the municipality took steps to have his plan realized by erecting a monumental building for housing the art treasures he had left.

The problem was admirably solved by the Bergen architect, Landmark, and the gallery which is soon to be dedicated is placed at the edge of the idyllic little Lundegaardsvand, right in the heart of the city. One elevation with the main entrance turns to a little open square, the other looks out upon the water, while both sides are flanked by short cross-streets which separate the gallery from the surrounding houses and help to give it the isolated location which an edifice of this kind should have.

The design is as simple and dignified as possible, the ornamentation being confined to the portal and the narrow window frames of soapstone. The lighting of the gallery from above is managed in a particularly happy way.

It is possible to mention here only a few of the most important



*Painting by Johan Christian Dahl*

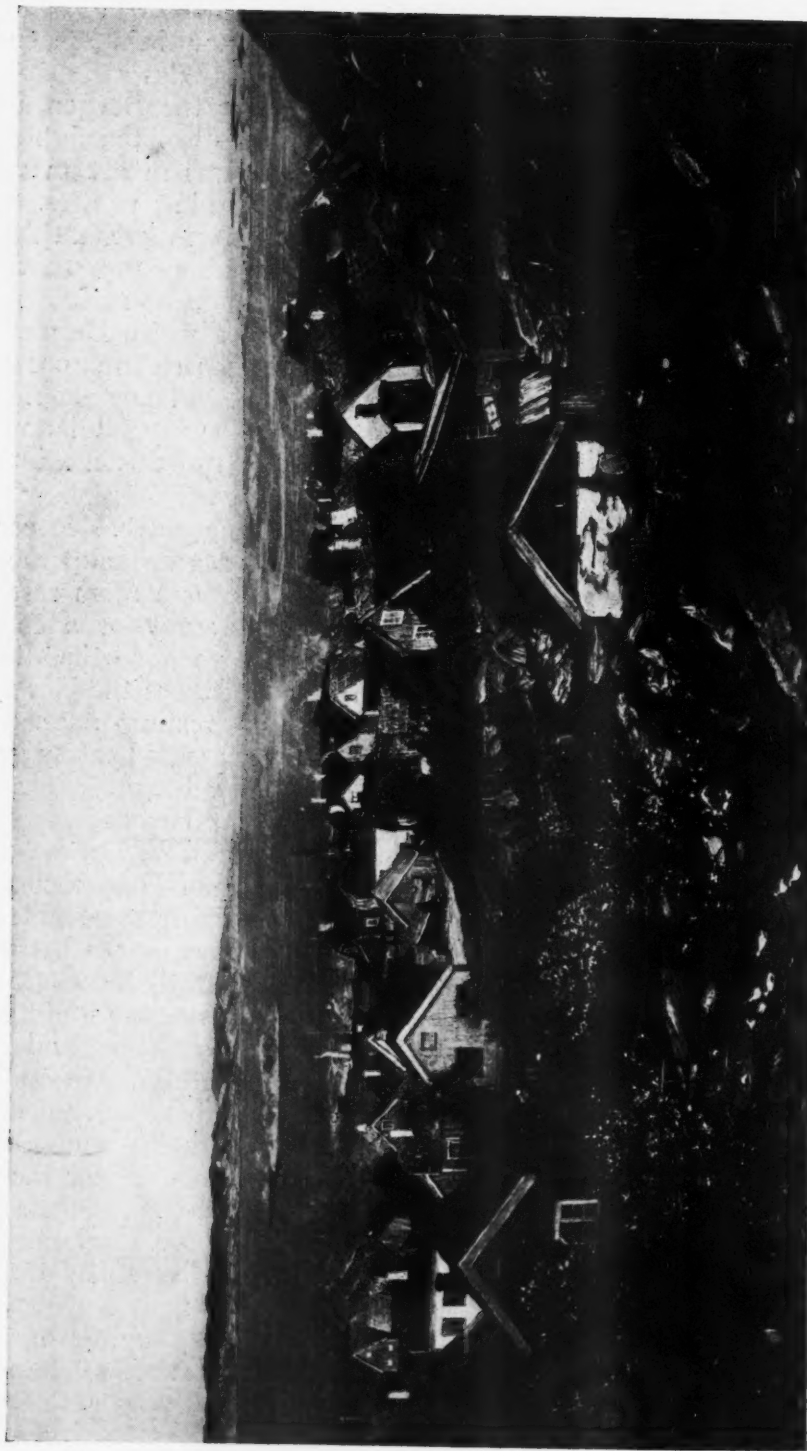
**MOUNTAIN HEIGHTS**



things in the comprehensive collection which is now being placed in its new house. Let us begin with the Blumenthal room which is being fitted out on the first floor. Named after the Bergen artist, Mathias Blumenthal, who was born in the early part of the eighteenth century, it is a handsome memorial to the old urban art in which artist and art patron co-operated to create something worthy. The room has been the salon in the home of a well known merchant family in Bergen. The owner has instructed the artist to represent pictorially the difference between the peaceful colonization of Holland and the warlike expansion of England, a task of which Blumenthal has acquitted himself excellently. That he has chosen to express the contrast between Dutch and British methods allegorically should not surprise us, for it was the age of ingenious allegory, and nothing could be more natural than for Blumenthal to use this medium of expressing his views.

The Blumenthal room has real historic atmosphere. It carries our imagination back to olden times and gives us a glimpse of the fine old residence in one of its festive moments. It was a room reserved for grand occasions. It was not only the background for assemblies and banquets, but it was the family chapel. There stood the altar at which the young people plighted their troth, and there the bier from which the departed was carried to his last resting-place. The Blumenthal room has the stateliness of the rococo age, when the grand salon—like so many other luxuries—was considered a necessary part of the home, and when a fine and dignified interior was the background both of religious and social family celebrations.

Side by side with Blumenthal, Johan Christian Dahl occupies a unique place in the Rasmus Meyer collection. Professor Dahl, who may be called the father of Norwegian pictorial art, was a native of Bergen. He worked as a painter's apprentice until he was about twenty years old. Then his gift was noticed. It was the well known head master, Lyder Sagen of Bergen, who discovered him, and Dahl was then sent to the academy at Copenhagen to study. In spite of his long absence from the homeland, his work bears the imprint of western Norway where he was born. In the grayish-brown, stern landscape of the Westland he found sublime expression for the love of his native soil which grew stronger with absence. At last the hour struck when Dahl was no longer satisfied to paint Norwegian nature from memories of his childhood and youth, and he returned. The impression made on him was overwhelming. A new Norway, the real Norway rose before him. Reality gained new power over his work and from now on dominated his interpretation of Norway. The picture reproduced here is a genuine bit of Westland nature, seen in all its primeval freshness and rendered with spontaneity and a sense of vibrating life.



*Painting by Gerhard Munthe*

COAST VILLAGE





SLEEPING MOTHER AND CHILD

*Painting by Christian Krohg*

Christian Krohg, the first and greatest of naturalists in Norwegian art, is represented by a large group of pictures. The canvas reproduced here, the picture of a young mother who has rocked her baby and herself to sleep, is good example of Christian Krohg's work, both in its subject drawn from the humble walks of life, and in the clear, strong coloring and vigorous technique. From Manet Krohg learned the secret of a composition which achieves its effects by eliminating the unimportant. In the present picture, for instance, he has skillfully managed so that only a part of the mother's figure emerges from the background while the rest is hidden.

Another champion of naturalism in Norwegian art is Gerhard Munthe. Like Krohg, Munthe had bitter experiences and went through a time of hardship and difficulty, but with the strength of the really great artist he fought his way to victory. Among his best works from this period is the picture of the little seacoast town reproduced here. It is naturalism, but a naturalism that all can understand and enjoy. It is full of sun and wind and salt spray dashing against the little group of houses.

But Munthe's work has another and a very different phase. At an exhibition in black and white, held in Christiania in 1893, he came



MEDITATION

*Painting by Edvard Munch*

forward as the exponent of a new form of art with a group of water colors illustrating Norwegian folk tales. The exhibition was a sort of prelude to a new style that broke the bounds of what had hitherto been considered possible in painting. Munthe's designs were carved in wood, woven in tapestries, and embossed in leather. It was a form of art that opened the door to the past. Munthe himself contributed to the new edition of Snorre Sturlason's sagas of Norwegian kings a decorative setting which is at once austere in its archaic feeling and yet shows a powerful imagination. These drawings, which were at first severely criticized, are perhaps his best work in the field of illustration. In that of decorative painting his most important production is the wall paintings for the Haakon's Hall in Bergen.

Edvard Munch is represented in Rasmus Meyer's collection by some of his most notable canvases. Edvard Munch has been a sign of contradiction and a storm centre in Norwegian art. His method of painting shocked people, but that was what he wanted. People were not to be lulled to sleep by art, according to his theory; they were to be roused. And his work was an impassioned challenge to old prejudices and conservative narrowness. There is something in



AN ITALIAN STREET *Painting by A. C. Svarstad*

the painting of Munch that suggests the strange, temperamental poetry of Obstfelder. He has the same sombre aloofness from the world. Yet he is none the less a realist. His art springs directly from reality, though not in the same manner as Krohg's. He broke with the demand of the naturalistic school for a precise verisimilitude, and created for himself a new grand style which is so characteristic of him that no one can fail to recognize him in his canvases.

The Swedish artist Richard Bergh in his greeting on the occasion of Munch's fiftieth anniversary, quoted what Munch had once said to him: "I do not paint what I see, but what I saw." These words have since become a motto for the art of Munch.

Among the works of Svarstad in Rasmus Meyer's collection we find a vivid, colorful picture from Naples, which instantly arrests attention. It is a typical bit of the south, seen and felt in all its power of fascination. We look up through a narrow street, ascended by steps, between the tall houses, toppling story over story, with clothes hung out to dry—altogether one of those curious exteriors so familiar to any one who has travelled in southern Europe. It is painted with a sureness both of observation and of handling in the pictorial effect which has long since marked Svarstad as a painter of rank. As perhaps many readers know, Svarstad is married to the noted writer Sigrid Undset whose books are undoubtedly familiar to the American public.

In addition to the works of the artists already named, Rasmus Meyer in the course of the years acquired a considerable number of paintings by other noted Norwegian artists, some of whom are more fully represented here than in any other place. Among them may be mentioned Henrik Sørensen, Wold-Torne, Nicolai Astrup, and Harriet Bacher.

Rasmus Meyer was also a zealous collector of fine artistic old furniture, and this has been placed on the first floor, where paintings of the older school are hung in the salon. There the pictures receive good light, and the background gives them a setting that creates an illusion of the age when they were painted. The hall on the second floor is devoted to decorative art, and the rooms opening into it contain collections of modern art, paintings, drawings, graphic and decorative art.

The Rasmus Meyer collection embraces the fullest and most complete representation of Norwegian painting outside the National Gallery in Christiania. No wonder the people of Bergen are looking forward with satisfaction to the dedication of its new home.





## Zahrtmann's Leonora Christina Pictures

By NICOLAUS LÜTZHÖFT

Denmark's history owns no prouder woman figure than Leonora Christina, daughter of Christian IV and Kristine Munck, who was born in 1621 and died in 1698. Beauty, grace, and wit, combined with royal birth, made her, in youth, indisputably the first lady of the court. Later, as the faithful wife of Corfitz Ulfeldt, once High Steward

of the realm, she learned to know the caprices of Fortune. From the pinnacle of power and wealth she was plunged into an abyss of wretchedness, when the prison doors of the Blue Tower closed behind her, after she had been treacherously betrayed into the hands of her enemies, accused but not convicted of being her husband's accomplice in his traitorous plans.

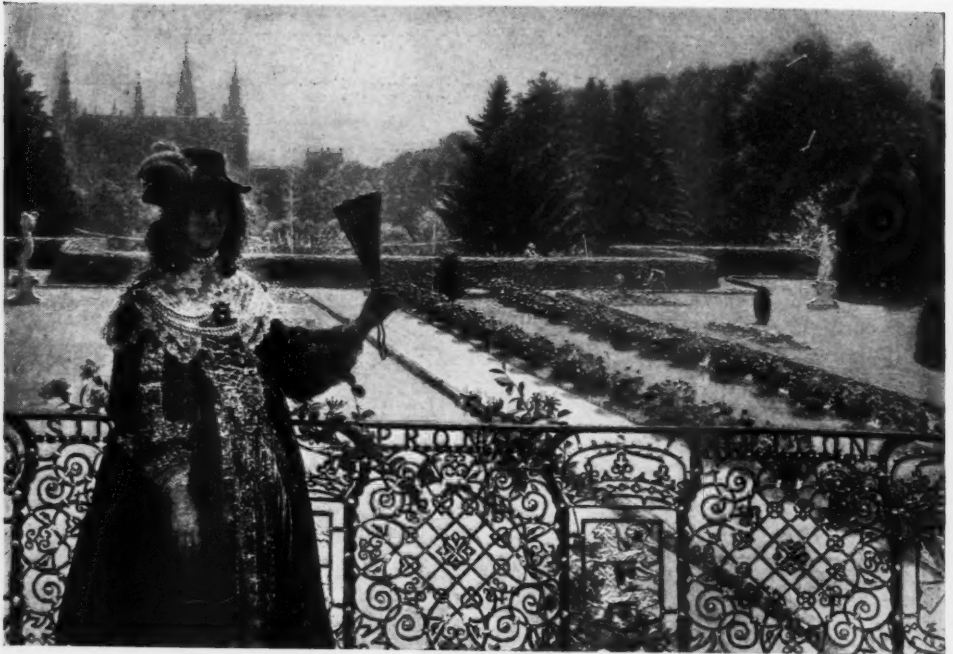
Through all her trials she preserved her strength of character, her steadfastness of mind, and a high courage that is marvelous. Even the martyrdom of twenty-two prison years did not make her forget her rank; and her powerful enemy, the Queen of Denmark, was never granted the satisfaction of hearing a humble



SELF PORTRAIT OF KRISTIAN ZAHRTMANN.  
BORN 1843, DIED 1917

cry for mercy ascending toward the royal throne from the miserable dungeon in which the late king's daughter was confined.

It is not strange that the years have woven many romances and legends around a personality so rare and a fate so strange as Leonora Christina's. But all other stories and traditions concerning her paled when her own account of her captivity, her *Diary of Lamentations*, was published in 1869. Through this remarkable story we are drawn within the spell which Leonora Christina's fascinating personality cast over those who knew her. And yet it may be questioned whether we should have been able to visualize her figure so clearly and feel the events of her life as though they had happened to some one we knew, if one of the greatest painters ever born in Denmark, Kristian Zahrtmann, had not given us his series of Leonora Christina pictures, which involuntarily appear before our inner eye when we read the book that



Painted by Kristian Zahrtmann in 1888

LEONORA CHRISTINA IN THE FREDERIKSBORG PALACE GARDEN

inspired them. Kristian Zahrtmann was a young man and stood at the beginning of his career as an artist, when he read the *Diary of Lamentations* which had just been published. It gripped him with inescapable force. "It was as though my mother's figure had appeared before me," he wrote, "her words, her pride, her wisdom, her dignity, her struggle."

His mother was the woman who up to that time had meant most to him. Now another woman's figure shared her place—Leonora Christina. It was as though the two had been fused in the consciousness of a deeply reverent son; and when he painted his first scene from the *Diary of Lamentations* he transferred the features of his mother to the image of the captive princess.

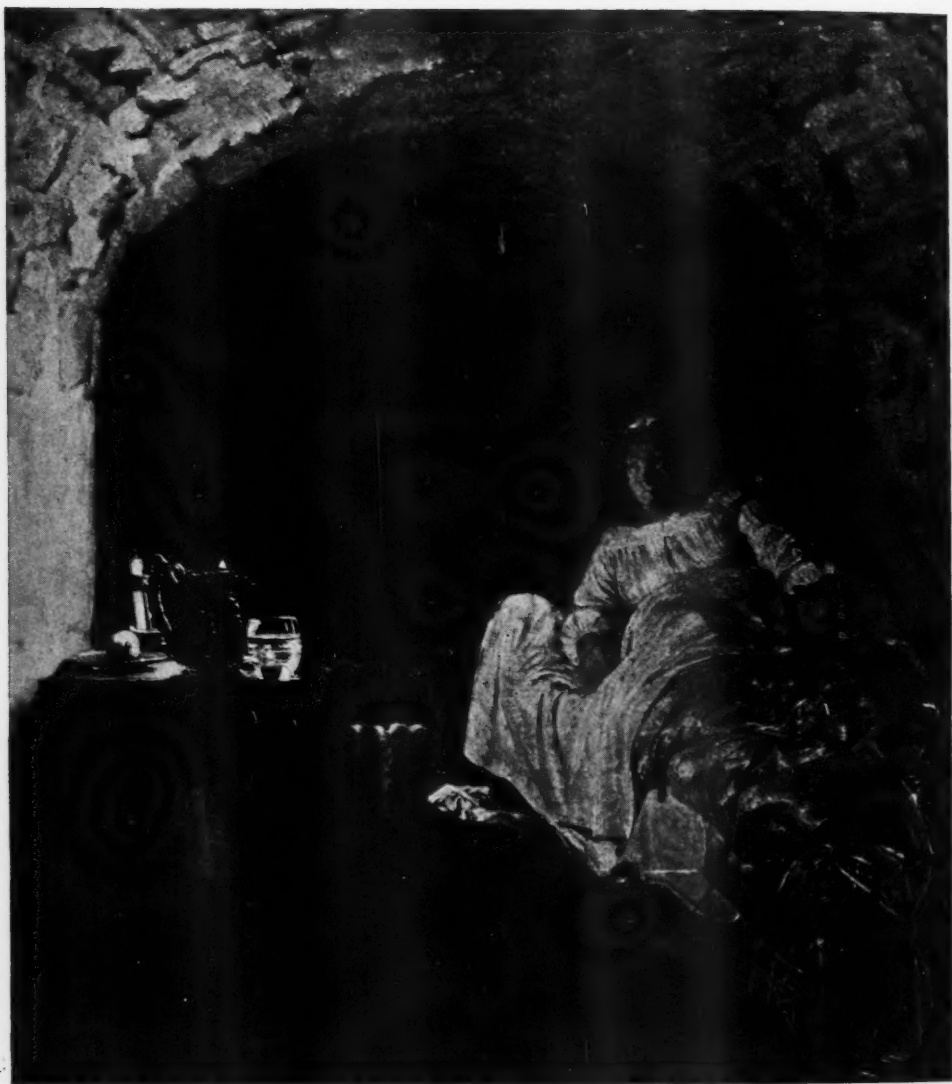
Among the numerous canvases Zahrtmann painted in a long and very productive life, we find other historic subjects and many southern motifs gleaned from his sojourn in the Italian mountain village, Civita d'Antino, where he frequently spent his summers and where he was made honorary citizen as Signor Christiano. The Leonora Christina pictures, however, stand alone. The series forms an artistic unit, and bears in a peculiar way the imprint of his personality owing to his intimate absorption in his subject. The psychological element is perhaps what fascinates us most, and yet the canvases that were painted in his best period are also remarkable as examples of the intense and beautiful coloring characteristic



Painted by Zahrtmann in 1899

LEONORA CHRISTINA'S FAREWELL TO HER HUSBAND, CORFITZ ULFELDT

Leonora Christina writes in her *Diary of Lamentations*: "My Lord, who had too good an opinion of the king of England, was of the opinion that now, when he had ascended the throne, he would not only remember his great promises, both spoken and written, but that he would call to mind that I, in the time of his penury and exile, took the rings from my fingers to pay for his own and his servants' meals. But how reluctantly I undertook the journey, some of you, my children, will remember." Leonora Christina's appeal to Charles II for aid fell on deaf ears, and the English king to his everlasting disgrace, handed her over to King Frederik of Denmark, who imprisoned her in the Blue Tower at Copenhagen. She never saw her husband or her sons again.



Painted by Zahrtmann in 1875

LEONORA CHRISTINA IN PRISON

In her *Diary of Lamentations*, Leonora Christina gives a graphic picture of the nights in prison, when she lies awake listening to the rats. "My sleep was full light. The rats taking their walks would wake me, their number was great. Hunger made them bold, so that they came out and gnawed the candle as it stood there burning." In the daytime she controlled herself in order not to give occasion for the keepers to report to the queen that she was broken in spirit, but in the night when alone, she often gave free rein to her misery and wet the pillow of her miserable bed with tears. Yet she found consolation in the memory of hymns and Bible passages which she had learned by heart and could repeat to herself, so that after such a night she would meet the morning with new courage.





*Painted by Zahrtmann in 1885*

**LEONORA CHRISTINA LEAVES THE PRISON**

When Leonora Christina was told in 1685, after twenty-two years' imprisonment, that she was free by order of the king, she replied that she would "leave in decent style," and went back behind the prison doors, waiting there until evening, when her niece came to take her away in a carriage. The picture shows her as she is about to depart with her niece, carrying the books that had been her solace. The warden of the prison is making her a deep obeisance, his hat lying on the floor. From the Blue Tower Leonora Christina was taken, after a short stay at Husum, to Maribo Cloister, where she lived till her death in 1698.



*Painted by Zahrtmann in 1882*

#### THE DEATH OF QUEEN SOPHIE AMALIE

"In the same year her weakness increased daily," wrote Leonora Christina, in her diary, "but she pretended to be stronger than she really was, and allowed herself to be seen at table very magnificently dressed, and between meals she kept in retirement. But death would not await the coming of His Majesty so that his royal mother could say a word to him. Life still lingered, and she sat up on a chair, but she could not speak, and a little later, still sitting up, she passed away." The queen dowager's son, King Christian V, is kneeling at her side.

of him. The picture of Leonora Christina sitting up in bed and listening to the rats; the scene where the queen's handmaidens in searching her have taken away her clothing, and she sits naked, angry, and miserable; her departure from the Blue Tower—these are all motifs that depend largely on the handling of artificial light for the effect they achieve, and they have a fullness and glow of coloring



*Painted by Zahrtmann in 1901*

LEONORA CHRISTINA'S DEATH IN MARIBO CLOISTER

to which reproductions in black and white do but scant justice.

Zahrtmann had something of the same Renaissance temperament that distinguished his heroine, and as he loved and admired her without stint or reservation, so he hated her enemies. On the most powerful of them he has taken revenge in his picture of the death of Queen Sofie Amalie. It is a presentation that graves itself on the memory: the brutal mercilessness of death in the midst of the lavish heaping on of brilliant colors and sumptuous materials.

In contrast to this he painted, in soft gray tones, the interior from Maribo Cloister—reproduced on the cover of this number—with the figure of the aged Leonora Christina sitting with her Bible on her lap, in the peaceful evening of her life.

## Picturesque Old Stockholm

*Camera Pictures and Text by* SIGURD FISCHER



DJURGÅRDEN

*By Sigurd Fischer*

In the eighteenth century there was a little sailors' town right outside of Stockholm called "Djurgårdsstaden." Now Stockholm has grown all around it, but still Djurgården remains a town within a town, retaining its old atmosphere of romance. Several artists have lately bought homes there, attracted by the charming little houses of wood.



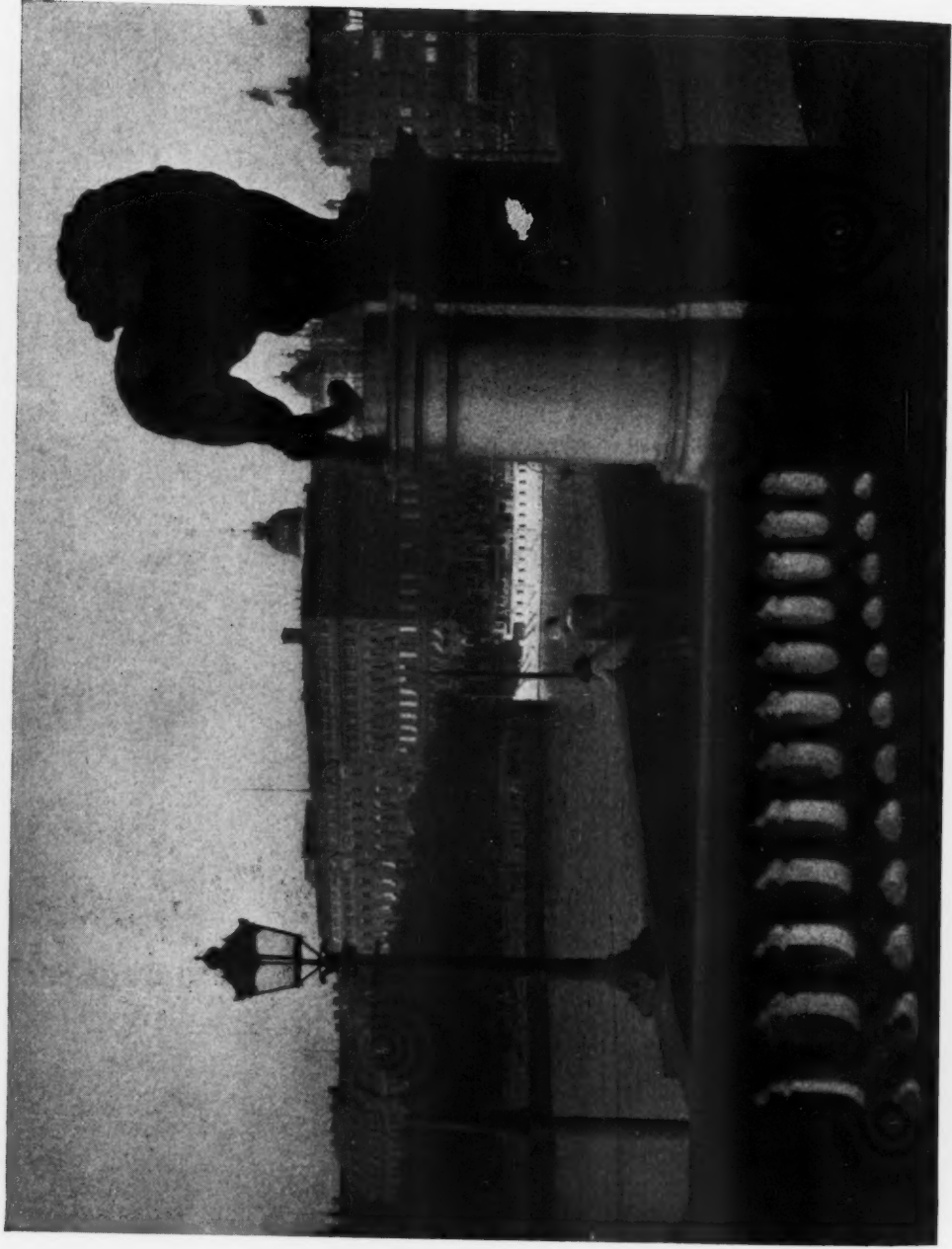


BAGGENSGATAN

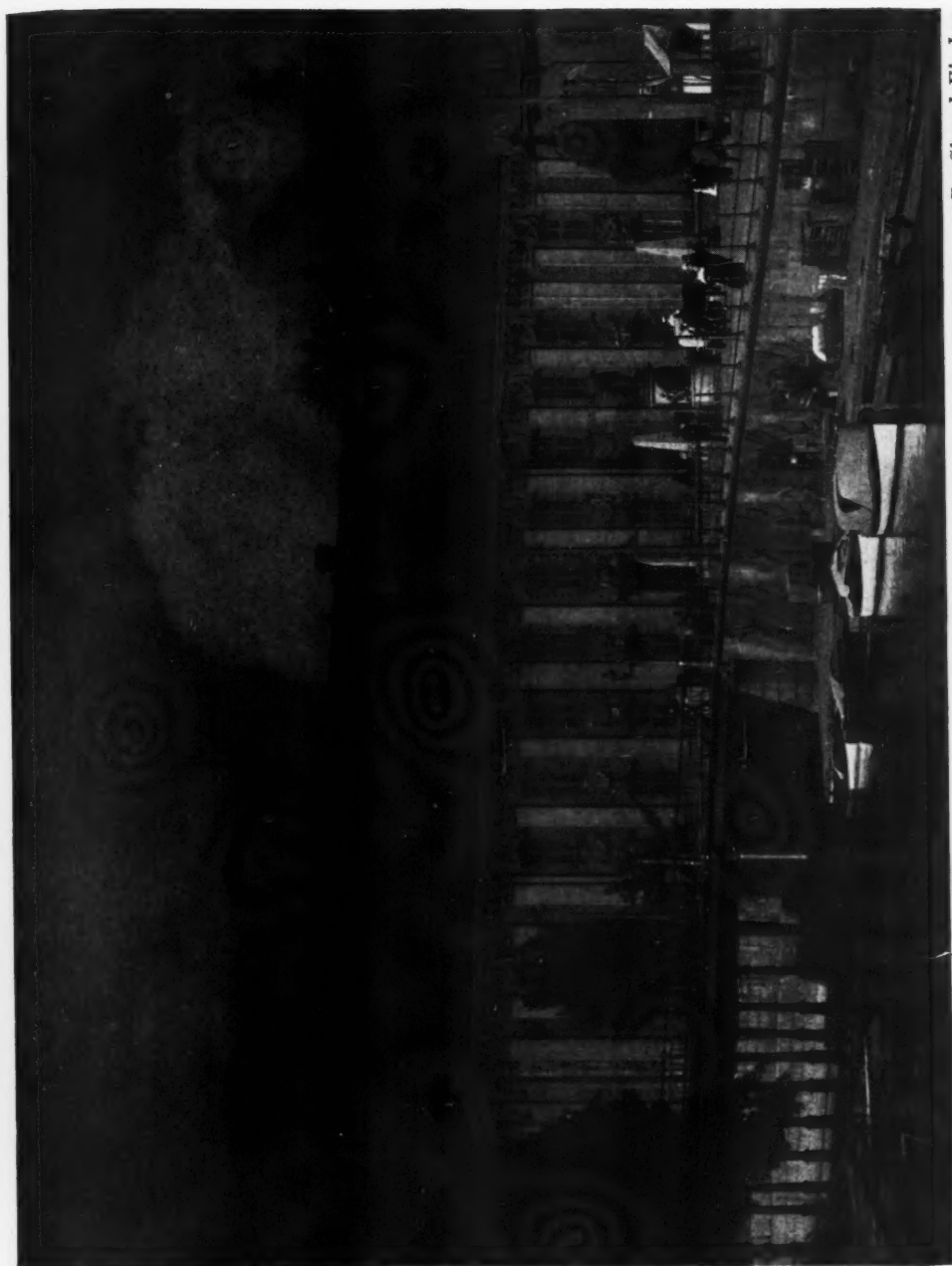
*By Sigurd Fischer*

The "City Between the Bridges," all surrounded by water, was once Stockholm proper. Now the city has spread, so this no longer is true, but the City Between the Bridges still possesses the charm of a patina which only centuries can give. No artist will ever tire of roaming about in these narrow, winding streets with the quaint signs and the slanting sunlight.

LEJONBACKEN  
"The Lion  
'Terrace' forms  
the approach  
to the  
Royal Palace  
and is named  
from the  
bronze lions set  
up in 1704



*By Sigurd Fischer*



"RIDDARHUSET"  
The beautiful  
Hall of Knights  
once witnessed  
the debates  
of the nobility.  
Its venerable air  
harmonizes  
with the City  
Between the  
Bridges

SUMMER NIGHT  
Though Stockholm  
Is not so far  
north as the  
regions famed for  
their midnight  
sun, the summer  
nights are very  
light, and the  
long evenings,  
when the sun sets  
very slowly,  
have a wondrous  
beauty



*By Sigurd Fischer*





THE HARBOR OF STOCKHOLM AT KORNHAMNSTORG *By Sigurd Fischer*

# Chatelaines of Old Södermanland

By EVA FRÖBERG

Skirting the coast of Södermanland, extending southward from Stockholm, is a string of islands, now dotted with fishermen's cottages, but revealing here and there the stately stone walls of a manor mirrored in the Baltic, waking memories of great historic names. So



MARIA SOFIA DE LA GARDIE, COUNTESS  
OXENSTIERNA OF TYRESÖ

peaceful is the scene, it is hard to imagine it once the home of rapacious vikings. Yet from the eighth to the eleventh century the rocky knolls of Rönö, Hölebo, and Selebo were infested with sea-raiders who had their nests there and swooped down upon the passing trader. As time passed, however, the savagery of the age was softened. The influence of the Church was at work through its convents. The Dominicans at Strängnäs, the Franciscans at Nyköping, and the Cistercians at Julita, as well as the holy nuns at Vårfruberga, worked eagerly to enlighten and teach high and low, while the viking raids themselves helped to bring the owners of the castles in contact with the outside world and made them susceptible to a more advanced culture.

Yet even in those days there were certain moral values to be found inside the boundaries of our country, and not least of these was the fact that women were much more highly respected by our Scandinavian ancestors than by the people in the south. The Church cared for the education of the girls as well as the boys, and Vårfruberga convent school almost corresponded to what we should now call a school in household management for young ladies, where intellectual studies were combined with practical courses. Not only young but also older women came together here from all parts of Södermanland to learn what the convent had to teach them. They acquired a little knowledge of reading and writing and also made acquaintance with such new things as rhubarb, parsley, and various vegetables which the monks had brought with them from their travels in the south. In the frequent absence of the men, the women had to manage the estates and often developed

great ability. They inaugurated various manufacturing industries and even carried on banking, and some of the finest of the old manors were built under the supervision of the capable, energetic chatelaines of old Södermanland.

The age of chivalry brought greater splendor into the simple lives of country squires and their dames. Magnus Ladulås, who reigned in the last part of the fourteenth century, was doubtless the king who did most to lift them to the important social position they occupied during the Middle Ages. Before his time the manors were usually nothing but modest wooden dwellings with low roofs, and poorly furnished. Under the protection of the Folkunga royal family the knights began to build magnificent mansions in imitation of the castles of stone they had seen abroad. Bo Jonsson Grip, one of the mightiest and most respected men of the time, left behind him several fine estates and noble castles, some of which were built of stone and still exist. Old Sjösa, on the eastern coast ten miles south of Stockholm, is a creation of his age.

A large number of manors even at that time, however, were built of wood, since the Scandinavian countries, unlike France, England, and Italy, had a rich supply of building materials in their forests. Consequently Sweden can not boast of as many old feudal castles as



INTERIOR OF THE DINING ROOM AT TYRESÖ



TYRESÖ

the continent. The most flourishing period of stone architecture came much later, under the Renaissance king, John III, and in the age of the Thirty Years' War.

Among the old places rich in tradition is Hörningsholm, on the northern point of Mörkö, which is off the southern coast of Södermanland. In the sixteenth century it was the home for many years of the famous "King Märtha" Leijonhufvud, the widow of the royal councillor Svante Sture. She was stern and unrelenting, but her strict sense of justice was as unfailing in her relations with her own flesh and blood as with the numerous tenants on her large estate.

Even in that remote time there were self-made men who rose from humble beginnings to positions of prominence. Early in the seventeenth century a little peasant boy wandered in the marshy streets of Nyköping begging for bread. His name was John Månsson, and he was the son of a poor family living just outside of town. An influential citizen happened to see the lad, got interested in him, and decided to give him an education. The ragged waif ended his life as royal councillor honored with the name of Silverstjärna; and, partly through his own efforts, partly through the gifts of the always liberal Queen Christina, he became the owner of many estates, among them Stjärnholm not far from the town of Nyköping where he had once





ÖKNA

begged in the streets. He was the father of some notable chatelaines of Södermanland. His three daughters all married men who, like himself, had worked their way up from poverty, and all left names that will be long honored and remembered in the history of Södermanland manors. Lady Anna Maria and her husband, Colonel Lindhjelm, built Lindö and Östermalma; Lady Catherine, who was married to Governor Gyldenkrants, owned Löfsund; and Lady Helene and her husband, Judge Durell, lived at Snestad.

At Saltsjön, not far from Stockholm, rises the old castle Tyresö. Here the most famous woman of Södermanland once passed her days. As she is one of the noblest personalities in the long chronicles of the province, she is perhaps also the most tragic. Maria Sophia de la Gardie at twenty-one became the widow of Gustavus Gabrielson Oxenstjerna of Tyresö. Young as she was, she had even before the death of her husband shown her executive ability in the management of the Oxenstjerna domains in the Baltic provinces. Later she extended her activities in all directions, and was probably the first woman in Sweden who really recognized the importance of industrial development and encouraged it. She established a cloth manufactory at Tyresö, and before long it supplied the Swedish army with material for its uniforms. She started a brass foundry, a rifle factory, and a porcelain factory. She began oil refining and the manufacture of dyes, carried on an extensive shipping trade, and sent for craftsmen from abroad to teach her countrymen new pursuits. Nor did she



BARBRO NATT OCH DAG OF ÅRSTA MARRIED TO  
BJELKENSTJERNA

burned brightly on the grounds. And often at night, after the other guests had gone to sleep, the Queen sat studying the classics under the supervision of Loccenius or Scheffenius, while the Countess and her bookkeeper labored over their accounts.

But Queen Christina's star went down. After long and troublesome times came the reign of the austere Charles XI, the great economist; at his bidding followed what is known as the "Reduction," the nightmare of the Swedish aristocracy, who saw their estates cut down and impoverished. The edict brought great suffering to the Countess Oxenstjerna, whose business already had begun to show signs of disintegration, owing to general bad luck and possibly also inability to supervise her many and extensive enterprises. Clouds of misfortune gathered around the aged

neglect the banking business which at this time was beginning to find its place in the financial organization of the country.

Her political life was equally active. As Mistress of the Robes, she entertained Queen Christina frequently at Tyresö. With flying banners and streamers the royal yacht would come sailing down, to be met at the landing by Countess Oxenstjerna and her large household. Then festivities began. In the mornings the Queen and the Countess inspected the factories or hunted in the surrounding woods. In the evenings they took part in the dancing and merry-making in the castle, while Chinese lanterns and bonfires



BEATA VON YRKULL, MARRIED TO GYLLEN-  
STJERNA OF ERIKSBERG, KNOWN AS  
"PINTORPAFRUN"



COUNTRESS ULRIKA JULIANA BRAHE OF  
BJÖRKSUND

countess. To add to her troubles, for seventeen years she sued her only daughter's surviving husband, Kristoffer Gyllenstjerna of Eriksberg. Records of this law-suit fill twenty volumes, and insults and affronts were not spared on either side.

Maria Sophia de la Gardie died in 1694. For forty-six years she had been the strong ruling power in Tyresö. She died in such poverty and neglect that there was no one to care for her remains, the castle having been sealed on orders from the Bank of Sweden. Relatives finally appealed to the court, explaining the situation, and the body was removed to Tyresö on a yacht draped with black crepe. No sooner had it arrived than

Charles XI announced that he intended to be present at the funeral. The casket was returned to Stockholm, and finally the services were held in Riddarholm Church, where the vaults were draped in black and illuminated with five hundred wax candles.

Tyresö now belongs to the papal chamberlain, Marquis Claes Lagergren, a Swede by birth, whose life has been rich in adventures. Some of them are described in his memoirs which have just been published.

Årsta, not far from Stockholm, has many associations of interest to Americans. The castle was built by a woman, Barbro Natt och Dag, about 1660, during the absence of her husband, Admiral Bjelkenstjerna, in the great wars of Carl X. Gustaf. When the admiral returned he beheld the castle looming not far from the sea. In his fury at what his wife had done he dealt her a thundering box on the ear, and the legend runs that his blow is still heard in the great hall of the castle on dark autumn nights!

Early in the nineteenth century Årsta was purchased by a family named Bremer, from Finland. One of the daughters was Fredrika Bremer, a pioneer in the Swedish woman movement, whose writings are familiar even to Americans. She travelled in the United States in 1849-50, and here she studied possibilities for the improvement of woman's social and economic position. She passed her childhood and youth at Årsta, and when she was old she came back there to end her days. She died in a little corner room on the last night of the year 1865.

At the smiling Lake Runviken, a little farther inland, many beautiful estates are situated. One of the most attractive is Ökna, an ancient place where time-honored traditions and the finest culture of

our day have met. The present mistress of Ökna, Mrs. Elsbeth Funch (who with her husband, Mr. Harald Funch, has several times visited the United States, and is known to many Americans) not only possesses an unusually cultivated mind, but is a writer of considerable renown. Her books on travel with their sprightly wit and wide sympathy, have won her many admiring readers. Mrs. Funch is also a capable administrator whose practical abilities have been much in demand for various kinds of public service. She organized the very considerable work done by the women of Södermanland during the war for the clothing of the *landstorm*. When at Ökna Mrs. Funch gives a great part of her time to the management of the estate, on which the farm buildings are especially modern and well equipped.



BARONESS INGEBORG BONDE



MRS. ELSBETH FUNCH

The construction of the old castle Eriksberg was begun by the Royal Councillor Erik Gyllenstjerna. When he died, in 1657, his widow, Beata von Yxkull, continued and completed the building. She was a very clever woman. She did not handle her people with gloves, either those employed in building or those concerned with the management of the estate. As a consequence perhaps of her indomitable will, her harshness and ruthlessness, many tales were told about her. It was said that she was in league with the Evil One himself. When she died, according to the legend, the Prince of Hell came to fetch her, driving a team spitting fire and



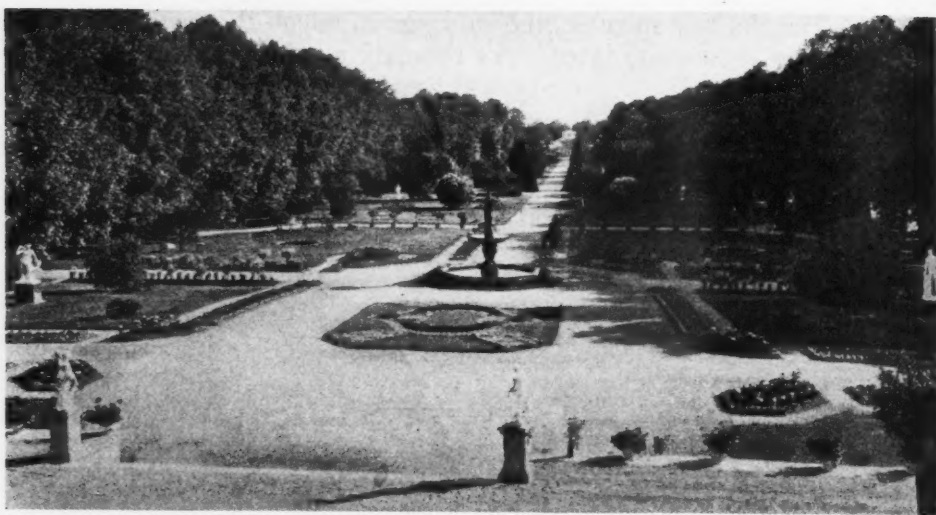
flames. Thanks to a miracle, the carriage in which they rode returned to Eriksberg some time later. As recently as twenty or thirty years ago it was displayed by the servants as a curiosity to visitors at the castle.

Eriksberg is now the largest estate of Södermanland. It comprises about 80,000 acres, and its present owner is the Baron Charles Gothard Bonde. Baroness Ingeborg Bonde, his wife, is an interesting type of the modern Swedish aristocracy. Like her predecessors, the grand ladies of old Eriksberg, she is a very capable and clever mistress of her house, but she combines with her housewifely ability a taste for the arts. Her own musical talents have been appreciated in wide circles, and as a hostess she welcomes to Eriksberg the leading artists of the country, so that her home is not only a shrine for the historical memories of bygone days, but a centre of aesthetic culture in our day. Baroness Bonde has understood that fine traditions carry an obligation. She is filling her place as a leading chatelaine of Södermanland in a manner that will give her a niche in the gallery of those splendid and capable women who have through the centuries established the renown of our country ladies.



COUNTESS LOUISE LEWENHAUPT

In speaking of the chatelaines of Södermanland it is impossible to pass over Countess Louise Lewenhaupt of Claestorp, a well known castle near Katrineholm. The countess is of the old-fashioned type of grande dame whose first care was her home. The linen chests in the castle are full of shining linen grown, spun, and woven by the members of the household or by the peasants on the estate. The poultry and the bee-stock are also famous. Every living creature, animal or human being, is cared for with the utmost solicitude. The countess and her husband, Count Claes Lewenhaupt, have together set the stamp of their own genial personalities on their beautiful home. In one of salons of the castle there is an unpainted table at which the sons of the house used to play as children, and over this table many a royal personage has talked with the hostess who is as wise as she is humorous and charming. To have known her is to have a lasting impression of warm and sincere kindness without sentimentality.



VIEW OF THE PARK AT ERIKSBERG

Another important and renowned estate on the island is Björksund, for the past one hundred and fifty years owned by the Counts Mörner. This, too, was built by a Gyllenstjerna, one of the generals of Charles XII. He was held captive in Siberia for ten years and returned so weakened by hardships that he did not live long in his beautiful home. His charming widow, Ulrika Juliana Brahe, continued the work her husband had begun; and she dwelt as mistress of Björksund for more than thirty years. Like Maria Sophia de la Gardie, she commanded a position of importance at the king's court in Stockholm. For all that she did not neglect her duties to the estate and to the tenants.

In the reign of Gustavus III, the influence of the rococo style of ornamentation began to penetrate even to the manor houses of Södermanland. A prototype of the *grand chevalier* was the High Councillor Count Charles Gustavus Tessin, owner of Åkerö. Among the first indications of a new order was the fact that he replaced the old homespun used for upholstery and hangings in the castle with silk and brocade. His neighbors were invited to elaborate feasts, and from far and near came guests who added picturesqueness and diversity to home life in Åkerö.

Now and then the count and the countess—a most charming woman—journeyed to Stockholm. Tessin describes the departure as follows in the interesting notes of his diary: "For my carriage eight horses; for the carriage of the countess, eight horses; for the maid's carriage, eight horses; for the house-keeper's carriage, four horses." Along the miserable and hilly roads of Södermanland, this cavalcade rumbled its way to the capital. The excursion was by no means inex-

pensive, since the stay in Stockholm had to be maintained on a scale of splendor befitting the rank of the family. Gradually Count Tessin's affairs suffered and his wealth diminished. He remained as owner of Åkerö only through the generosity of the crown prince, afterwards Gustavus III. Åkerö is now the property of the Enderlein family and is excellently managed.

In old times the farm products of Södermanland were important in the economy of the country, but in the latter part of the eighteenth century distilleries came to be the chief source of income on the big estates. Farm products were insignificant in comparison. Not until the middle of the nineteenth century did agriculture come into its own again, and equal or even surpass that of the sixteenth and seventeenth century. Model farms are now found on many of the old estates, and great skill is shown in resisting the rigors of the winter climate. All kinds of modern technical and mechanical contrivances are pressed into service to this end.

Most of the old manors are still in the hands of the old families or of proprietors who are interested in carrying on the same traditions. During the war they had great losses, and afterwards agricultural conditions have been so critical that, one after another, the old estates have been offered for sale. Others will follow unless conditions improve. The present socialistic tendency is to abolish the great estates and cut them up into small holdings. It would be a great pity if this programme should be carried out, not only because of the historical associations that cling to the old manors, but also from a practical point of view. Experience has shown that the large estates are needed in a country like Sweden. They set the example of scientific farming, and with their surplus of grain and other products they act as store-houses of food for the country. They are as necessary in the household economy of the nation now as they were in the old days when the doughty knights of Södermanland went out to fight the king's battles and their strong-willed ladies at home carried on the arts of peace.



THE GARDEN AT ÖKNA

## Trolls in the Mill-House

By JOHAN BOJER

**O**LD MOTHER RANDI was nearing eighty years and often had to keep to her bed. Her thoughts dwelt more and more in the far distant past; often she went about talking to herself, and sometimes she would ask if we remembered such and such a thing—which happened fifty years ago.

One night she sat in front of the stove carding wool. Through the open fire-door the light from the glowing masses of peat shone around her and traced her shadow on the floor, while the rest of the room lay in darkness. On both sides of the stove her children's children were huddled, half undressed, drawing their feet up under them on the chair to keep them warm. We had been talking about Christmas and about the chances of good skiing for the holidays, when grandmother began to gaze straight before her, as she often did, and presently she asked whether we could remember grandfather's grandfather.

When we snickered, she seemed to wake from a trance. "Hm," she said, "I guess I'm an old fool. That must ha' been before your time." And she went on carding wool.

But after a while the cards dropped into her lap, and again she sat gazing into the fire with her far away look, while she told her story. It happened when grandfather's grandfather was alive, one year, it was so fearfully dry that there was nothing but want and starvation everywhere for man and beast. The worst of it was that they couldn't get water to run the mills, and every mill in the whole parish was standing stock still. What little they could grind by hand wasn't enough to do any good.

But on Christmas Eve it started to rain, and then it just poured. People were glad enough to get the rain, but they said what a pity it should come on a Christmas Eve, so they couldn't make use of it right away. Then grandfather's grandfather spoke up and said, "So long as the Lord sends rain to-night, he must mean that we're to use it to-night." But no, said the others, he mustn't say such a thing even for a joke; he must remember it was a holy night. "Oh," said the old man, "you leave that to the Lord and me; I guess we'll come to an agreement," he said. "You just run along and celebrate Christmas as usual, but as for me I'll take a couple o' rye sacks and mosey over to the mill." They tried to persuade him not to go, but it was no use; the old man did as he had said.

They say that grandfather's grandfather was awfully strong. Once upon a time he lifted—but that was another time, come to think of it.—Well, that Christmas night I'm telling you about he took one sack o' rye under each arm and the third he slung on his back and held



the top of it between his teeth so's it shouldn't fall off, and with that he started for the mill.

It was so dark he couldn't see a step ahead of him, and the path was slippery with ice, so the walking was as bad as it could be, but he got to the mill at last, and went into the mill-house, and set his sacks down on the floor. He found a lantern, lit the candle in it, and put it on a shelf, but before loosing the wheel he went up to the mill-race to chop away the ice so the water could run. He stood there and chopped away, all alone on a dark Christmas night. "Chop, chop!" rang the axe, and "Chop, chop!" came the answer from the black woods on the hill-side. Then all of a sudden he heard an ugly scream. "Johan!" it said.

"That's me," said grandfather's grandfather and held his axe still.

But there wasn't another sound. Everything was as quiet as quiet.

The old man began to chop the ice as before. "Chop, chop!" said the axe, and bits of ice flew around him. "Chop, chop!" rattled and clattered the echo in the black woods. Presently the scream sounded again, uglier than before. "Johan!" it said.

"That's me!" said grandfather's grandfather and held the axe still. "Is anybody there?"

But there wasn't another sound. Everything was as quiet as quiet.

He began to chop again. "Chop, chop!" said the axe as it struck the ice, and "Chop, chop!" came the answer from the dark hills. After a while the scream sounded again, uglier than ever. "Johan!" it said.

"That's me, said grandfather's grandfather and stopped to listen. "What's ridin' ye?"

But then everything was as quiet as quiet again.

When grandfather's grandfather had got the mill-race opened so the water could run, he went down to the mill again. He poured the rye in the hopper, loosed the wheel, and sat down on a flour-bin and began to scrape his pipe. "Brr, brr!" said the mill through the dark night, and "Brr, brr!" came the answer from the black woods that closed in around him.

Grandfather's grandfather had just got his pipe lit, when the door opened, and thinking it was the wind, the old man got up to shut it. But in came a little, little old woman, who kept on knitting a stocking as she walked.

"Good-evening to ye," she said. "Evenin'," said grandfather's grandfather. "And merry Christmas," said she. "Same to you, stranger," said he. "So you're out walking to-night?" he added. Why, yes, she said, she'd come to ask if the Christian man wouldn't give her a bit of tobacco. At that the old man took out his tobacco-box, bit off a piece of plug, and threw it to her. "Where do you come from?" he asked. Oh, she said, she was from the other side of New

Year's. "So that's where you come from, old woman," said grandfather's grandfather and reached for his axe. The woman ran for the door and out, and he after her with axe uplifted over his head. But just as he was going to strike her, there sounded an ugly scream from the forest: "Johan! Careful now!"

Grandfather's grandfather wasn't easily frightened, but then he felt there was something queer, and he let the woman run. He went back to the mill, sat down on the flour-bin, and lit his pipe again, and the mill sang its "Brr, brr, brr!" through the quiet Christmas night.

So the hours passed. All of a sudden, as he sat there, he saw a head with a red beard rising up through the mill-stone—you know there is a hole in the middle of the stone. The old man wasn't slow to reach for his axe, but as he was going to strike, the head was gone.

The old man sat down again, and the mill whirled and stirred. Presently the red-bearded head rose from the mill-stone again, and this time it cried, "Johan! Much obliged to you for sparing my wife!" "Don't mention it," said grandfather's grandfather, and this time he didn't take to his axe, for now he understood that they were peaceable folk. "I'm not over rich," said the head in the mill-stone, "but whatever you stumble over outside your door-step when you get home is yours." And as soon as he had said that, the head went down inside the stone again and was gone.

Grandfather's grandfather sat there all night and ground one sack after the other, and he neither saw nor heard anything queer any more. Early Christmas morning he came staggering home with one sack under each arm and one slung on his back.

He set the sacks down in the granary, and as he was going into the house, he stumbled over something. He looked to see what it was and found a keg lying there. He hadn't paid much attention to what the head in the mill-stone promised him, but still he took the keg into the house with him, and when he had got a light, he struck the bottom out of it to see what was inside. Whether you believe me or not, the keg was all full of silver money, and though he drove his fist down to the bottom and dug out handful after handful, he found nothing but silver coins.

From that day grandfather's grandfather was a rich man, and both men and beasts always throve on his place; for troll money brings luck. The treasure went down from father to son, and I have myself seen a silver shilling from it that belonged to my mother.



## The American-Scandinavian Foundation

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Some of the readers of this Yule Number have been with us through the eleven years which the REVIEW completes to-day. Others meet us for the first time in this number. To all old friends and to all those whom we hope to make our friends the REVIEW wishes a Merry Christmas. The older readers, through whose courtesy we have the opportunity of greeting a larger audience to-day, will not, we are sure, weary of hearing us repeat for the benefit of this new audience the message of the REVIEW and what it stands for.

The REVIEW is the voice of the American-Scandinavian Foundation whose purpose is expressed in the words formulated during the dark years of the war and since then printed on every report that has gone out from its office:

"To draw the American and Scandinavian peoples closer in bonds of intellectual kinship, to keep the lamp of international friendship burning, to dispel ignorance, to create good will, these are the tasks to which the Foundation devotes the funds entrusted to it."

The Trustees invite all who sympathize with the aims of the Foundation to enroll their names as Associates and to assist by their joint efforts in promoting the cause to which the Foundation is dedicated. As a means of uniting all those who are in this way banded together the AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW is published. The REVIEW is supported by the dues of Associates and is dependent on them for its existence. It chronicles month by month the activities of the Foundation and kindred organizations; on this page announcements are made of fellowships, and distinguished visitors from abroad are heralded. The REVIEW also tells its readers what books are being published in the field of Northern

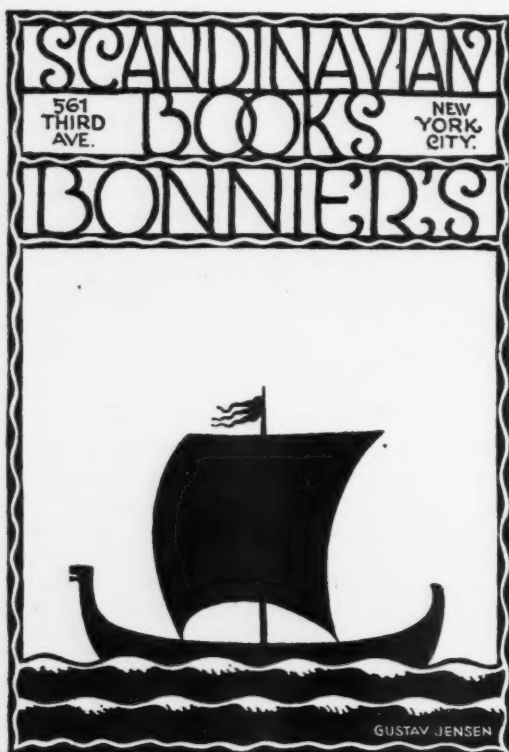
literature, where exhibitions of Northern art may be seen, what discoveries are being made by Scandinavian scientists, and what places are best worth seeing in the Scandinavian countries. It is a magazine for American friends of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark and for Danish, Norwegian, and Swedish friends of the United States.

Chief among the activities of the American-Scandinavian Foundation is the system of student exchange which began in the lifetime of its founder, Niels Poulsen, who on his death left a trust fund amounting to half a million dollars.

Poulsen's vision has been realized perhaps on a larger scale than he had hoped. Chiefly through the efforts of the former Secretary of the Foundation, Mr. Henry G. Leach, now editor of the *Forum*, pledges for special gifts have been secured so that the Foundation has been able to dispense fellowships amounting to more than \$40,000 annually.

In addition to the fellowships and the REVIEW, the Foundation works through book publications, through its Bureau of Information, and through lectures, concerts, art exhibitions, and the social events arranged by its various Chapters.

As a Christmas gift to itself the REVIEW wishes above all that the new house projected for the Foundation may soon become a reality. The work has long since outgrown our modest rented quarters—half of which seemed large eleven years ago. We hope for a house that will give elbow-room for our various activities and that will be a really dignified and adequate expression of the great ideal for which the Foundation stands. To this house we hope to welcome our Associates, old and new, and all those to whom we now are wishing a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



## SCANDINAVIAN CHRISTMAS MAGAZINES

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# The American-Scandinavian Review

VOLUME XI

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HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN, *Editor*

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*Sweden:* Sverige Amerika Stiftelsen, Eva Fröberg, associate secretary, Måltorgsgatan 5, Stockholm.

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## CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
LEONORA CHRISTINA IN MARIBO CLOISTER. Painting by Zahrtmann .....	Cover
DIVINE SERVICE ON THE BEACH. Painting by Albert Edelfelt. . . . .	Frontispiece
MY FIRST CHRISTMAS CHURCH. By Nathan Söderblom. ....	721
THE BOY WHO HEARD THE SILENCE SPEAK. By Zakarias Topelius. Translated by Velma Swanston Howard. ....	724
GLIMPSES OF PREHISTORIC DENMARK. By Vilhelm la Cour. Ten Illustrations .....	729
A NEW ART GALLERY IN BERGEN. By Sverre Bernhard. Six Illustrations .....	741
ZAHRTMANN'S LEONORA CHRISTINA PICTURES. By Nicolaus Lützhöft. Seven Illustrations. ....	749
PICTURESQUE OLD STOCKHOLM. Six Camera Pictures and Text by Sigurd Fischer .....	756
CHATELAINES OF OLD SÖDERMANLAND. By Eva Fröberg. Twelve Illustrations .....	762
TROLLS IN THE MILL-HOUSE. By Johan Bojer. ....	772
THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION. ....	775
FINANCIAL AND INSURANCE NOTES, TRADE AND SHIPPING	



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### PROGRESS OF NORWEGIAN INSURANCE CONCERNS

A marked progress in Norwegian insurance affairs is noted within recent years and this has been especially noticeable in the way in which the funds of the companies have been invested. According to "Norsk Livsforsikring," where formerly mortgage loans took up 75 per cent of the companies' funds, gradually the investments have been made in State and Municipal bonds. At present there is invested in this manner almost 130,000,000 kroner, corresponding to 45 per cent of the capital of the companies. Altogether the prospects for Norwegian insurance are brighter than has been the case in years.

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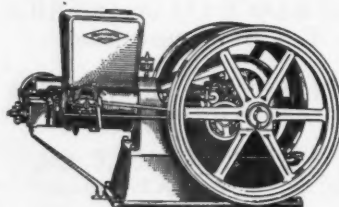
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Guaranty Trust Company  
Brown Brothers & Company  
Mechanics and Metals National Bank  
Chase National Bank

National Bank of Commerce  
Bankers Trust Company  
Chemical National Bank  
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Established 1812

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**V**ISITORS to New York stopping in the mid-city hotel district will find conveniently at hand the 42nd Street Branch of The National City Bank of New York. This Branch is located in the National City Building, Madison Avenue and 42nd Street, in the very heart of the uptown business, shopping, and theatre section.

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Other City Branches are: Fifth Avenue Branch, Fifth Avenue and 28th Street; and Bowery Branch, Bowery and Bond Street.

While away from home this summer, the absolute safety of your valuables will be assured by placing them in the safe deposit vaults at either the 42nd Street or Fifth Avenue Branches.

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HEAD OFFICE: 55 WALL STREET

## FINANCIAL NOTES

### SWEDEN'S NEW LOAN TAKEN AT HOME

The new State loan of Sweden for 50,000,000 kronor, sold at par and bearing five per cent interest, was greatly oversubscribed within the country itself. Seventy per cent of the issue was handled by the four banks, Svenska Handelsbanken, Stockholm's Enskilda Bank, Skandinaviska Kreditaktiebolaget, and Göteborgs Bank. Great satisfaction is expressed because of the fact that of fifteen issues of Swedish State loans since 1914 thirteen have been absorbed by the domestic market. Including the last issue the amounts of the State bonds thus sold total about \$250,000,000.

### AMERICA'S FINANCIAL COURSE SINCE 1920

In an address before the Boston Chamber of Commerce, Benjamin M. Anderson Jr., economist of the Chase National Bank of New York, explained why bankers and business men of the United States had been able to steer so amazingly skillful a course since the crisis of 1920. This country, Mr. Anderson said, has gone through a period in which events of first magnitude occurred in many foreign lands without even a momentary credit shock here. He found the great essential in credit and business policy to be in what he termed "liquidity." This country, in fact, is much more proof against psychological contagion and sudden panic than it used to be, he concluded.

### FINNISH STATE FINANCES INSPIRE CONFIDENCE

As the Finnish State revenue now exceeds all estimates, and the surplus is funded, the utmost confidence exists with regard to the Government's ability to carry through various projects. The Finnish national debt now amounts to about \$80,000,000, which is comparatively less than that of most modern states. The reports of the State Bank show that the unused right of note issue has been small since the beginning of the year. The number of notes in circulation has also decreased.

### DANISH FINANCIAL YEAR SHOWS DEFICIT

According to Prime Minister Neergaard, who holds the portfolio of finance, the treasury of Denmark has to record a deficit of 60,000,000 kroner for the fiscal year extending from April 1, 1922, to March 31, 1923. At the same time it is stated that it had been foreseen that a large deficit would be the result of certain extraordinary expenditures and a lessening income from sources available the previous twelve months. The deficit is, however, fully covered by the surplus held in the treasury which amounted to 129,000,000 kroner at the end of the fiscal year.

### U. S. SHIPPING BOARD TELLS OF FINANCIAL STATUS

The financial status of the United States Shipping Board is stated to be in money value around \$899,919,781, this figure being arrived at after the elimination of all excessive costs growing out of war construction, including the probable percentage of recovery on outstanding accounts and notes. In calling the public's attention to these facts Chairman Farley says that the Shipping Board will be able to keep its liabilities within its assets. The assets include the \$50,000,000 construction loan fund none of which was utilized.

### NORWEGIAN SAVINGS BANKS IN GOOD SHAPE

At a largely attended meeting of the Central Association for Norway's Savings banks the Norwegian minister of finance was present to hear the reports of about 100 banks. The meeting was under the direction of Bank Director Carl Kierulf, who gave a detailed account of how Norway had weathered the financial crises of the last few years and how the savings banks in particular had managed to come through in excellent shape. Director Kierulf also told how the first savings banks in the country were established about 100 years ago.

### UNION NATIONAL BANK OF SEATTLE

A year ago the Union National Bank of Seattle started publication of the *Northwest Business Outlook* for the purpose of serving the interests of the Pacific Northwest. This publication was to be continued for twelve months. With the final issue appearing, the announcement is made by the bank that, believing that it can now leave the field of publicity to other agencies, it will continue to co-operate with every dollar at its command in developing the untapped resources of that great part of the United States. Great credit is due the Union National Bank of Seattle for having pointed the way in a manner that can only bring good results to the Pacific Northwest.

### STATUS OF DANISH PRIVATE BANKS FOR 1922

Danish private banks wrote off their books in 1922 the sum of 265,800,000 kroner, of which amount the Landmandsbanken alone accounted for 212,000,000 kroner. The net profit of the various private banks averaged 12.7 per cent against 18.5 per cent the previous year. At the close of 1922 the total capital of the banks was 526,500,000 kroner, deposits amounted to 3,239,100,000 kroner and there were outstanding 3,113,700,000 kroner.

### RAILROAD PROFITS IN U. S. EXCEED LAST YEAR'S

The current year will in all likelihood reveal an improvement in railroad earnings over last year. In the early months of the year traffic was unusually heavy, and it is to be expected that the remaining months of 1923 will show a decided increase in net earnings. In cases of railroads earning largely in excess of interest and dividend requirements there has become manifest a disposition to spend somewhat more freely on maintenance. Most roads have made increases in wages to nearly all employees other than train crews.

### HANNEVIG LONDON BANK STOCKHOLDERS TO PAY

When the Hannevig British-American Bank in London ceased doing business about 1,000 stockholders paid only a part of the capital stock. Of late special efforts have been made to collect the amounts still due. Liquidation began two years ago.

### SWEDEN'S POSTAL BANK DEPOSITS INCREASE

The signs of thrift in Sweden are especially noteworthy at the present time with the nation's Postal Savings Banks reporting that during the first half year of 1923 the deposits were increased more than 8 per cent, or about \$2,600,000.

## CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER OF THE REVIEW



THE MOST REVEREND ARCHBISHOP NATHAN SÖDERBLOM OF UPPSALA WITH MRS. SÖDERBLOM AND THEIR SON, JOHN, WHO ARE ACCOMPANYING HIM ON HIS TOUR THROUGH THE UNITED STATES.

ALBERT EDELFELT, who was born in 1854 and died in 1905, was the man through whom the art of Finland first received international recognition. Besides his pictures of life among the Swedish Finns along the coast of Nyland, he has also painted a number of interesting and intellectual portraits.

Perhaps the most widely known Finnish writer in ZAKARIAS TOPELIUS, who died in 1898 at the age of eighty. His work was many-sided and comprehensive, including many melodious songs, besides editorials, novels and short stories. The story printed today in the translation by Mrs. Howard is a good example of his didactic tendency which, however, does not obscure the poetic element.

VILHELM LA COUR, teacher, author, and editor, has been identified with the Slesvig movement which led to the reunion with Denmark. On the basis of his historical studies he has made himself the spokesman of a Danish nationalism founded on race integrity. He has written extensively on conditions in North Slesvig and has also been active in the volunteer defense movement.

SVERRE BERNHARD is a Norwegian contributor. NICOLAUS LÜTZHÖFT is a Danish writer and artist, who studied in the famous Zahrtmann's School. SIGURD FISCHER will be remembered for the beautiful photographs from Dyrehaven in our August number.

EVA FRÖBERG, best known to our readers as Associate Secretary of Sverige-Amerika Stiftelsen and as the helpful friend and gracious hostess of American students and other visiting Americans in Stockholm, is herself one of the distinguished "chatelaines of old Södermanland," although she modestly forbears to mention her personal connection with the subject she writes of. Those who see Miss Fröberg in her cosmopolitan surroundings at Stockholm would hardly think of her as winning medals for butter and cheese, but she for many years managed her own estate, Husby in Södermanland.

The story by JOHAN BOJER printed in this Yule Number is one of a number that he has collected from the lips of an old peasant woman in his native Trøndelagen, and into which he has blown the breath of life.



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## TRADE NOTES

### SWEDEN'S TIMBER SALES GROW STEADILY

Sweden's timber and lumber sales for the year had risen to nearly 650,000 standards at the beginning of October, with the market for wet ground wood pulp active and 35 per cent of next year's output already taken.

### DENMARK'S BIG CATTLE SHIPMENTS TO BALTIC COUNTRIES

Latvia, Esthonia and Lithuania have been buying cattle in Denmark on a large scale. In former days the Esthonian market was a fertile field for Danish cattle raisers, and with the improvement of the monetary situation in the Baltic countries a decided improvement in sales has taken place.

### MEXICO INTERESTED IN SCANDINAVIAN TRADE

The Scandinavian delegation of business men invited by the Mexican Government to visit that country was composed of leading men from Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Finland. The Mexican Consul-General at Copenhagen, Lazaro Basch, was in charge of the party. Departure from the Danish capital took place early in October, and at Liverpool the company took passage on the Canadian Pacific Railway's steamer *Montrose* for Montreal. From there their journey continued to Juarez, where the Mexican Government took further charge of the visitors. It is believed that the trip will be conducive of greatly increased trade between the countries concerned.

### EFFECT OF JAPAN EARTHQUAKE ON SILK INDUSTRY

As the United States relies on Japan for about 80 per cent of its raw silk, the recent earthquake is bound to prove a severe blow to American manufacturers of that product. It is estimated that not less than 40,000 bales of raw silk were actually destroyed in Yokohama and vicinity.

### DENMARK-FINLAND TRADE AGREEMENT

The trade agreement with Finland, recently signed by Denmark, is the first arrangement of the kind entered into by the latter country since 1912. Furthermore, Denmark is the first of the Scandinavian countries to sign such an agreement. Danish trade pacts have been few, only seventeen in all during the last 250 years.

### SWEDEN'S MUNICIPAL INDUSTRIES ARE PAYING

The Stockholm administration of the City Industrial Works, including gas, electricity and water, shows a total surplus for last year of about \$3,400,000. The unusual profit is attributed to a notable increase in consumption combined with a decreased cost of production. The announcement is further made that a rate considerably lower than heretofore will soon go into effect.

### AMERICAN RAILWAY VALUATION ANNOUNCED

After ten years of intensive and expensive investigation the Interstate Commerce Commission has announced the final valuation of two class I railroads. According to the facts set forth by the New York Trust Company, in the *October Index*, published by the company, the main points of interest in the valuation is the principle laid down in the findings, and the dissenting opinions of the various members of the commission.

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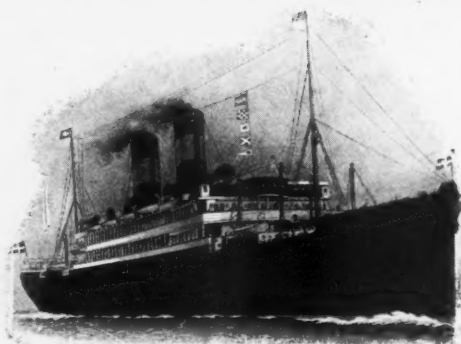
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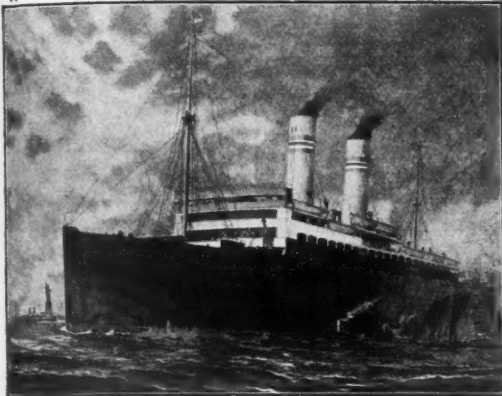
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## Norwegian American Line Agency, Inc.

New York, N. Y., 22 Whitehall Street

Chicago, Ill., 109 North Dearborn Street

Minneapolis, Minn.: HOBE & CO.....319 Second Avenue South  
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Trains leave Kristiania daily for Sweden, Denmark, Germany and Finland, as follows:

	Approximate time of journey
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## SHIPPING NOTES

### SEAMEN'S ACT AS AFFECTING U. S. MARINE

American shipping, according to a statement issued by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, is suffering from a widespread ignorance of the basic facts relating to the industry in general, and the development of an efficient merchant marine is being hindered, it is further said, by the Seamen's act and measures relating to the sale and repairs of ships. The result of the existing ignorance, declares Stewart McKee of the Chamber of Commerce, is that this country has been almost unconscious of all marine activities of great importance. He added in the statement that "we have by the Seaman's act denied our shipowners the advantage of cheap labor" and that "of all the nations we alone maintain the operating cost of our merchant marine at an artificial high domestic standard. We have restricted the sale and purchase of ships, thus creating an isolated tonnage market, in addition to which there is a fifty per cent duty on repairs made abroad."

### SWEDEN MAINTAINS ARCTIC AIR SERVICE

The honor of having maintained the first regular air service in the Arctic belongs to Sweden. This was the Porjus-Suorva air route organized by the Royal Swedish Waterfalls board to keep the workers on the new dam which was being constructed at Suorva in communication with the Porjus power station to serve while the dam was being built. Regular flights were being maintained three times a week or oftener until the recent completion of the dam. The town of Porjus is the terminus of

the little railroad which branches off from the Luleå-Narvik railroad, the connecting link between the Baltic Sea and the Arctic Ocean.

### NORWAY-RUSSIA STEAMSHIP CONNECTION

Through arrangements made between the Bergenske Steamship Company and two Russian companies, Arcos and Severoles, a Norwegian-Russian Steamship company has been formed with a capital of 1,500,000 kroner to establish shipping routes between the two countries. Bergen will be the headquarters of the company. The stock of the company is divided into 1,500 shares, and is fully paid up.

### SWEDEN'S DOCK IMPROVEMENTS FOR MOTOR SHIPS

The rapidly increasing traffic of the Swedish-American Line between Göteborg and New York has induced the local authorities in the Swedish port to make improvements of such a nature as to correspond with the increasing needs for docking facilities. To accommodate the new liner of the company, the *Gripsholm*, which is to use Diesel engines developing 16,000 horsepower, and is to be the largest motor ship in the world, dredgings to the depth of 40 feet will be made in Göteborg harbor. Besides this about 10,000 feet will be added to the present pier space.

### SCANDINAVIAN SHIPOWNERS MEET IN GÖTEBORG

Under the presidency of Mr. Sass, representing the Danish Association of Shipowners, the Scandinavian Association of Shipowners met recently in Göteborg to discuss matters growing out of the Baltic and White Sea Conference.

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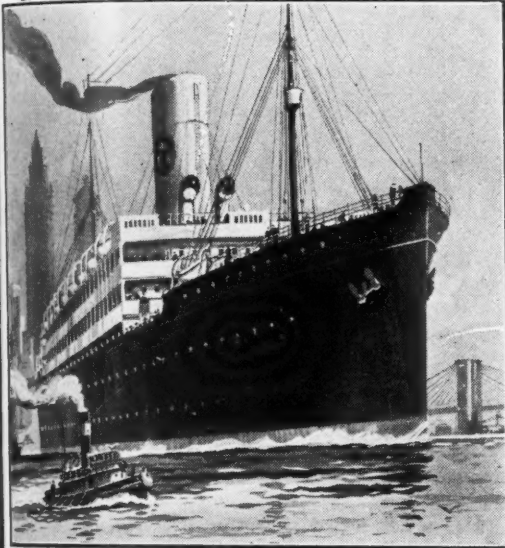
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